New Education Readers

BOOK FOUR

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO

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NEW EDUCATION READERS

A SYNTHETIC AND PHONIC WORD METHOD

BY

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AND

WILLIAM M. VAN SICKLE

BOOK FOUR

Reading for the Third Year

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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A. J. DEMAREST and W. M. VAN SICKLE.

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W. P. 34

PREFACE.

This book, which is intended for the use of pupils in the third year, is a practical application of the principles developed in the former books.

The selections cover a wide field, embracing history and biography, myths and fables, famous tales and stories, lessons on plant and animal life, character sketches, and descriptions of the customs and manners of people in other lands. Through this wide range of subjects an effort has been made to introduce the pupils to good literature and to lead them into right habits of thinking and reading.

The new words, except such as require phonetic spelling to indicate their correct pronunciation, are printed at the head of the lesson in which they first occur and are marked with the usual diacritical marks. In this way the pupil is introduced to the key to the pronunciation of words in the English language. The teaching of consonants and vowel sounds, and also of the vowel families, terminals, and initials, as employed in the former books, makes this transition from the unmarked notation of words to the marked both easy and practical.

The more difficult words will be found on pages 174, 175, and 176, arranged in alphabetical order, and marked as in the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary. These lists will serve for drill work in enunciation, pronunciation, and spelling, and will aid in teaching pupils how to use the dictionary intelligently.

The reading matter, owing to the extensive vocabulary developed by this new method of reading, is of a higher grade than is usual in Third Readers. Pupils using this series of Readers are able to attain in three years as much knowledge on the subject of reading as was formerly acquired in four years, thereby securing a gain of one year in the progress of the child's life in school work.

In the choice of selections scrupulous efforts have been made to keep the reading matter absolutely clean in thought, elevating in character, and ennobling in the desires for the highest and best things of earth.

The New Education Readers, by giving the pupils a large command of words, form the foundation for a generous use of supplementary reading matter in all grades. This is especially desirable, and is in accord with modern ideas of education.

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PHONIC CHART.

VOWELS.

ā	as in	dāte	ė̄	as in	ėvent	ŏ	as in	nŏt
a̓	"	senȧte	ĕ	"	ĕnd	ū	"	tūbe
ă	"	hăt	ẽ	"	fẽrn	u̓	"	u̓nite
ä	"	ärm	ī	"	īce	ŭ	"	ŭp
å	"	åsk	i̓	"	i̓dea	ụ	"	pụll
â	"	câre	ĭ	"	pĭn	û	"	ûrn
a̤	"	a̤ll	ĩ	"	sĩr	o͞o	"	bo͞ot
ē	"	ēve	ō	"	ōld	o͝o	"	fo͝ot
			o̓	"	o̓bey			

EQUIVALENTS OF VOWELS.

a̤ = ŏ	as in	whaṭ	ĩ = ẽ	as in	gĩrl	õ = ĕ	as in	actõr
e̤ = ā	"	theẏ	o̓ = ŭ	"	so̓n	ṳ = o͞o	"	rṳle
ê = â	"	thêre	o̤ = o͝o	"	wo̤man	u̓ = o͝o	"	fu̓ll
ã = ẽ	"	liãr	o = o͞o	"	do	ȳ = ī	"	flȳ
ï = ē	"	polïce	ô = a̤	"	hôrse	y̆ = ĭ	"	hy̆mn
oy = oi	"	boy	ow = ou	"	owl	ỹ = ẽ	"	martỹr

CONSONANTS.

b as in bat		m as in mat		w as in we	
d " din		n " name		y " yet	
f " fan		p " pin		z " zone	
g̅ " go		r " rat		th " thin	
h " hat		r " her		t̲h " this	
j " jug		s " sat		sh " sham	
k " kiss		t " tin		ch " chick	
l " lip		v " vim		wh " when	

EQUIVALENTS OF CONSONANTS.

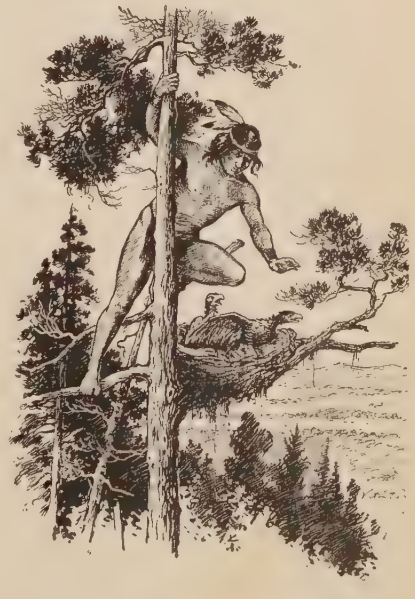
ç like s as in niçe				x̱ like gz as in ex̱ist	
c̷ " k " c̷all				gh " f " cough	
n̲ " ng " in̲k				ph " f " Ralph	
s̱ " z " has̱				d " j " soldier	
ġ " j " ġem				ñ " ny " cañon	
x " ks " vex				qu " kw " queen	

j like y as in hallelujah

NEW EDUCATION READERS.—BOOK FOUR.

OLD ABE THE WAR EAGLE.

Many interesting stories have been told about the famous eagle, who took part in twenty-two battles and thirty skirmishes, and was wounded in three of them. He was a soldier bird indeed. When a downy eaglet he and his brother were stolen from their nest by an Indian in the summer of 1861. It was not an easy task to take these birds, for eagles love their young and will risk their lives for them.



The nest in which Old Abe was found was in the topmost branches of a tall pine tree, which stood near the rapids of a river in upper Wisconsin. This nest was made of long sticks and branches bound together with

strong vines and twigs, and lined with soft hair and moss. Each year an eagle's nest is made stronger and larger by adding pieces of sods and by putting in new linings.

If the nest is in a tall tree, so that the old birds can take a view of the surrounding country, they often find their breakfast by looking out from their lofty home; if not, they fly up to some high rock, and with their keen sight look down on the plain below for a fat lamb, young goat, turkey, chicken, rabbit, or pig.

A soldier bought Old Abe from the Indian for a bushel of corn. When the Boys in Blue from Wisconsin went to the front, in 1861, this great American bird was taken along. Soldiers and sailors take pleasure in having a mascot, that is, a pet which is supposed to bring good luck. Hence cats, dogs, monkeys, and birds are often taken from place to place with the army, and are fondly petted and loved by their owners.

When Old Abe was taken to the southern battlefields, it was understood that at the end of the war he was to be presented to Abraham Lincoln, and he was therefore named after that great man.

The soldiers tied red, white, and blue ribbons around Old Abe's neck, and the tallest man in the army was chosen to carry and to take care of him. The bird sat on a perch at the top of a long staff, and was fastened to it by a cord twenty feet long. He could always be

seen a little above the heads of the soldiers, close by the stars and stripes. He seemed to understand the orders of the army as well as the men did. In the very heat and smoke of battle, and in the thickest of shot and shell, he would jump up and down on his perch and utter wild and fearful screams; and the greater the storm of battle the louder his screams would be.

A story is told that once in a battle when the soldiers were ordered to lie on the ground, Old Abe instantly flew down from his perch, and flattened himself on the ground just like the men. He seemed to know that if the soldiers could keep out of danger in that way, he could also. When the men arose, he flew back to his perch, and kept his post during the rest of the battle.

When in another battle the cord which held him was cut by a ball, Old Abe soared far above the battlefield, but seeing his flag, he came back and took his place in the front ranks once more.

At the close of the war every one wanted to see Old Abe just as they did General Grant, and he was taken all over the country. He drew crowds wherever he went, and P. T. Barnum, the great showman, offered twenty thousand dollars for him. It is said that some of Old Abe's feathers were sold, when he was alive, for as much as ten dollars apiece, and were made into quill pens. Pictures of him were sold by the thousand, and may be seen in many homes all over our country.

Old Abe died in 1881, and his body was stuffed and mounted.

"I build my nest on the mountain's crest,
Where the wild winds rock my eaglets to rest,
Where the lightnings flash and the thunders crash,
And the roaring torrents foam and dash;
For my spirit free henceforth shall be
A type of the sons of liberty."

---

ry	ies	ture
grăn′a rў	grăn′a rĭe̱s	nā′ture
	ạ = ŏ ȯ = ŭ	
wạnd	rŏmp	wȯn′der

A CRUST OF BREAD.

Will was lying under a big shady tree eating a large crust of bread. He had been romping with Don in the garden, enjoying the sweet flowers and the bright sunshine. Now he rested in the cool shade of the apple tree with his dog curled up at his feet.

The birds were warbling their gayest songs in the topmost branches, and the leaves cast their dancing shadows on the soft carpet of green below.

Don was fast asleep, and Will had no one with whom to play. Just then a lady, dressed in fine satins and holding a wand in her hand, stood before him. She

smiled, and then placed her wand on the crust of bread, after which she at once vanished.

She had no sooner gone than Will rubbed his eyes in wonder, for the crust of bread was talking in a gentle voice.

"Would you like to hear my story?" it said. Will nodded his head, as if to say yes, and the crust began:

"Once upon a time I was a little baby seed. I lived in a large home called a granary. In this home were

many other baby seeds just like me. No one could tell one from the other as we all belonged to the same family and looked so much alike.

"We lived there very quietly until one day my sister cried, 'Hark! do you hear that noise? The mice are coming!' Then she told us the mice were fond of little grains of wheat, and that if they were to eat us we would never grow to be like our mother. We heard them many times after that, but we never saw them.

"One day a farmer came and put us into a large sack. It was so dark in the sack and we lay so very near together that I thought we should smother. Soon I felt myself sliding. I tried to cling to the sack, but the other grains in their rush to the sunlight took me along with them. In our wild race we ran into a tube, and, going faster and faster, we soon fell into the seed drill.

"Then I felt myself sliding again, for the seed drill was moving forward. I could hear the driver call out in loud tones to the horses, 'Get up!' and round and round went the big wheels of the drill. All at once I went under cover in the rich ground. At first I did not like to be shut in from the sunlight. But one day when I heard the crows I was glad that I was under the coverlet of the ground. I heard their cry of 'Caw, caw,' and how frightened I was. I knew that the crows were near, and that they liked the little baby wheat grains. This made me thank the farmer and Mother

Nature for giving me such a good home. The crows could not find me, and by and by they flew away.

"Mother Nature now warmed me, and the rains fed me. I went to sleep, but one bright morning I awoke. The rain had been tapping on our great brown house, telling us to awake from our nap. I had grown so large while sleeping that my brown coat burst open.

"The sun had warmed my bed. I put a little white rootlet out and sent it down into the ground. The gentle spring breeze and the warm days brought my first blade into the sunlight above the ground, and peeping out I was glad to see everything growing fresh and green. I could see the tender sprouting grass and the opening buds. I could hear the bluebird's song and the robin's warble. I could smell the balmy air of spring.

"Mother Nature sent her children every day to help me. The rain came through the soil and brought me food and drink. The sun fairies warmed my sprouting leaves, and the wind brought me fresh air. I wanted to grow, so that some day I could do my share of the world's work.

"In June I wore a dainty green dress of slender, graceful leaves. As my sisters and I stood in the great field on the plain, and were wafted to and fro by the winds, we looked like the waves of the rolling deep.

"Then Mother Nature gave us all pretty flower spikes. As I stood alone waiting for my head to grow, I thought

that I should like to have such a flower gift as I saw on some of the other plants.

"So I grew and grew, and one morning after the dew had given me my cool bath, and the sun fairies had dried my leaves, the south wind whispered her song to me, and I found myself a full-grown plant. I was proud of my spikelets of flowers, and now could wave with my sisters in the rolling seas of wheat.

"Down at the base of our little spikelets were seed cups in which slept the little baby seeds. The wind rocked them to sleep, and, sleeping, they grew to the full-sized wheat grain.

"By and by we became tall stalks of golden wheat, and the farmer was glad to look at us. When we were fully ripe, the great harvester drawn by a number of horses came along and cut us down. Then we were picked up and sent whirling through the buzzing jaws of the thrasher. Our grains of wheat were screened from the chaff and straw, and fell into sacks. Then we were put on trains and transported to the mammoth granaries to be stored away until the flouring mills wanted us.

"At last we reached the mills. There we were turned out into beautiful white flour and shipped to the market. So in time we, as flour, reached the housewife's or baker's well-stocked kitchen, where we were put into trays, and, being mixed with a little salt, yeast, and some water,

were kneaded into loaves of bread and baked. This is the story of my life from a little grain of wheat until I became the crust of bread which you are eating.

"Every little flower that grows, every bird that sings, every bee that buzzes, can tell its story if you will hark and listen."

The sun was sinking in the west, the birds were winging their flight homeward, and night was fast coming on. Old dog Don yawned, and, stretching himself out, was ready for another romp with his master. Will awoke from his dream and hurried home to help his aunt get supper and to do his share of the world's work.

---

	ful		wr	
	wŏn′der ful		wrŏng	
plĕas′ant	troŭ′ble	pēo′ple	friĕnd	ēas′ĭ lў

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

Once upon a time there lived on the banks of the River Dee a miller who was the happiest man in England. He was always busy from morning till night, and he was always singing as merrily as any lark. He was so cheerful that he made everybody else cheerful; and people all over the land liked to talk about his pleasant ways. At last the king heard about him.

"I will go down and talk with this wonderful miller," said he. "Perhaps he can tell me how to be happy."

As soon as he stepped inside of the mill, he heard the miller singing: —

"I envy nobody — no, not I —
For I am as happy as I can be;
And nobody envies me."

"You're wrong, my friend," said the king. "You're wrong as wrong can be. I envy you, and I would gladly change places with you, if I could only be as light-hearted as you are."

The miller smiled and bowed to the king.

"I am sure I could not think of changing places with you, sir," he said.

"Now tell me," said the king, "what makes you so cheerful and glad here in your dusty mill, while I, who am king, am sad and in trouble every day."

The miller smiled again and said: "I do not know why you are sad, but I can easily tell why I am glad. I earn my own bread; I love my wife and children; I love my friends, and they love me; and I owe not a penny to any man. Why should I not be happy? For here is the River Dee, and every day it turns my mill; and the mill grinds the corn that feeds my wife, my babes, and me."

"Say no more," said the king. "Stay where you are, and be happy still. But I envy you. Your dusty cap is worth more than my golden crown. Your mill does

more for you than my kingdom can do for me. If there were more such men as you, what a good place this world would be! Good-by, my friend."

The king turned about and walked sadly away; and the miller went back to his work, singing:—

"Oh, I'm as happy as happy can be,
For I live by the side of the River Dee!"

—James Baldwin, in "Fifty Famous Stories Retold.

cȧ nā′ry	sĭnġed	spăr′row
bough		ān′ġel

BUCKWHEAT.

Very often after a thunder storm a field of buckwheat looks blackened and singed, as if a flame of fire had passed over it. The farmers say that this is caused by lightning; but I will tell you what the sparrow says, and the sparrow heard it from an old willow tree that grows near a field of buckwheat.

The willow is a large, odd-looking tree and somewhat crippled by age. The trunk has been split and has become the home of grass and brambles. The tree bends forward slightly, and the branches hang quite down to the ground.

Grain grows in the fields round about; not only rye and barley, but oats — pretty oats that, when ripe on the stalk, look like a number of little golden canary birds sitting on a bough. The grain has a smiling look, and the ripest and richest heads bow low as if in humble prayer.

Once there was also a field of buckwheat, and this field was exactly across from the old willow tree. The buckwheat did not bend like the oats, but lifted its head proudly on the stem. "I am just as good as any other grain," said he, "and I am much handsomer. My flowers are as beautiful as the bloom of the apple blos-

soms, and every one likes to look at them. Do you know of anything prettier than we are, you old willow tree?"

And the willow nodded his head as if he would say, "Indeed I do." But the buckwheat spread itself out with pride, and said: "Poor old willow! He is so old that grass grows out of his body."

One day there was a great storm. All the flowers folded their leaves together, or bowed their little heads, while the storm passed over them; but the buckwheat stood erect in its pride. "Bow your head as we do," said the flowers.

"I do not need to, and I do not know why I should," said the buckwheat.

"Bow your head as we do," shouted the grains; "the storm is coming, and his wings are spread from the sky above to the earth below. He will strike you down before you can ask for help."

"I will not bow my head," said the buckwheat.

"Close your flowers and bend your leaves," said the old willow tree. "Do not look at the lightning when the cloud bursts; even man cannot do that. In a flash of lightning, the sky opens and we can look in; but the sight will strike even human beings blind. What then must happen to us, who only grow out of the earth, if we venture to do so?"

"I do not think so," said the buckwheat. "I intend to have a peep into the pretty blue sky." Proudly and

boldly he looked up, while the lightning flashed across the sky as if the whole world were in flames.

When the dreadful storm had passed, the flowers and the grain lifted their drooping heads in the pure, still air, refreshed by the rain; but the buckwheat lay like a weed in the field, burnt to blackness by the lightning. The branches of the old willow tree rustled in the wind, and large water drops fell from his green leaves as if he were weeping.

Then the sparrows asked why he was weeping, when all around seemed so cheerful. "See," they said, "how the sun shines, and the clouds float in the blue sky. Do you not smell the sweet perfume from flower and bush? Why do you weep, old tree?"

Then the willow told them of the proud buckwheat, and of the punishment which came to it. —Adapted.

Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble, good, and true;
Busy with them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if, rich or poor,
They walk the pathways sweet and pure
That lead to the mansion strong and sure.

ẽarth thōugh brĕast īsle

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

Great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world,
With the wonderful water about you curled,

And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly earth, how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayer to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say:

"You are more than the earth, though you're such a dot;
You can love and think, and the world cannot."

— SELECTED.

Do you know how many children
  Go to little beds at night,
And, without a care or trouble,
  Wake up with the morning bright?
God in heaven each name can tell;
  Knows you, too, and loves you well.

ç = s qu = kw

ous	ny	tain	di
eū′ rĭ ous	ċòm′ pȧ nў	moun′tain	dĭ vīde′
glō′ rĭ ous	wōrn	doubt	sē′ crĕt
heärt	seârçe	ȧ gainst′	quī′ et

THE SECRET OF FIRE AMONG THE TREES.

One summer night a great army of pine trees settled down in a quiet valley to rest. They were a tall, dark, grave-looking company. They held their heads high in the air, for they were the only trees in the world who knew the wonderful secret of fire.

High above this valley, on the hillside, lived a little company of oaks. They were young, brave, and strong-hearted. When they saw the great band of pines marching into the valley, the tallest one said, "Let us make them divide the gift of fire with us."

"No," said the oldest, wisest oak, "we must not risk, foolishly, the lives of our acorns. We could not do anything against so many."

All the acorns had been listening to what the tree said. Each one longed to help in finding out the great secret.

One of them became so excited that he fell from the limb down upon the hard ground. He did not stop at the foot of the tree, but rolled over and over, far down into the valley.

Here a brook picked him up and hurried him away; but as he stopped to rest by a stone, he heard his good friend, the wind, talking to a pine tree.

"What is the secret of fire which the pine trees know?" asked the wind. "Don't you think it selfish to keep it all to yourselves?"

The pine tree loved the wind and answered, "Great wind, it is, indeed, a wonderful secret; you must never tell it." Then she whispered it to the wind.

The little acorn went on and on down the stream. He came to an old log, which was the home of a large family of squirrels.

The mother squirrel was very sad. The last flood had brought her and her children far away from her old forest home. Her family had all been saved, but food was scarce and winter was near

The acorn felt very sorry for her, and said: "I am too small to do you much good alone. If you will carry me back to my home, I will show you a forest full of nuts. You can take your family there in the fall."

This the squirrel was very glad to do. As they went along, the acorn called to all the elms, maples, willows, and hickories to meet that night on the hilltop.

"Come to the hill at the foot of the great blue mountains," he said. "There you will learn the secret of fire." In the evening they were all there, in great companies, ready for war on the pines. When the squirrel

came to the forest and saw all the nuts, she was much pleased. She offered to carry the acorn to the very top of the tallest tree. The trees were all glad of this, for every one wanted to hear what he said.

When the acorn began to speak, even the wind stopped whispering and listened. "Friends," he said, "there must be no battle. The pine trees have only the same gift of fire that you have. To every tree that stretches out its arms, the glorious sun gives this gift. But it was in this way that the pine trees learned the secret of getting the fire from the wood: they saw an old Indian chief with two curious pieces of wood. One was round and smooth, the other was sharp-pointed. With all his strength he was rubbing them together. Soon he had worn a groove in the round stick. He rubbed faster and faster, and there in the groove was a tiny spark of fire. Then the Indian blew his breath upon the

spark, and a little yellow flame leaped up. All the pine trees saw it. 'See, it is fire!' they said."

When the great company of trees had heard the acorn's story, they shook their heads in doubt. Then the acorn said: "This is the true secret of fire. If you do not believe it, why do you not try it for yourselves."

They took this advice, and all the trees learned that what he had said was true. They were so happy that they spent the whole night in singing and dancing.

In the morning, when they saw the great blue mountains and the beautiful valley, many of them settled down upon the hillside for life.

The pines looked up and saw hundreds of trees with their shining arms. They were so frightened that they climbed high up on the mountain side. There they stayed a long, long time. They grew sad and lonely, and often sighed and wished for their old home and comforts. But they were brave and strong-hearted, and helped one another.

At last some of them came down into the valley again. Through suffering they had grown strong and unselfish. They gave their best trees to the people, and their fairest to the children at Christmas time.

Indeed, there is not a tree in the world to-day more loved than the pine tree, who first had the secret of fire.

—Flora J. Cooke, in "Nature Myths and Stories."

GOD MADE ALL THINGS.

I know God made the sun
To fill the day with light;
He made the twinkling stars
To shine all through the night.

He made the hills that rise
So very high and steep;
He made the lakes and seas,
That are so broad and deep.

He made the streams so wide
That flow through wood and vale;
He made the rills so small,
That leap down hill and dale.

He made each bird that sings
So sweetly all the day;
He made each flower that springs
So bright, so fresh, so gay.

And He who made all these,
He made both you and me;
Oh, let us thank Him, then,
For great and good is He.

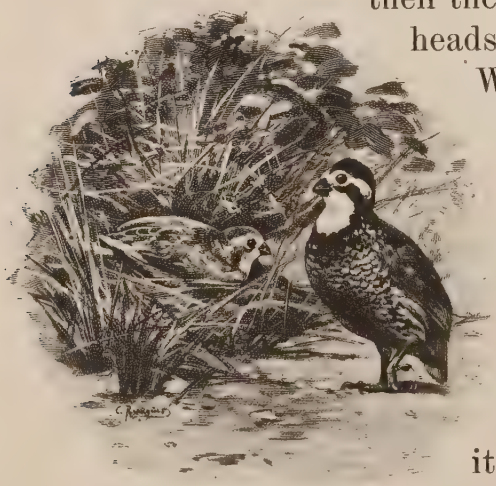
— SELECTED.

The *terminal* — or
fĕath′er

eigh = ā
neigh′bor

THE QUAIL FAMILY.

Down by a brush heap, near the edge of the woods, was the home of a happy family of quails. The father's name was "Bob White." Morning after morning when the dew was on the grass and clover he used to call out "Bob White!" "Bob White!" to please the children; then they would lift their pretty heads and try to say "Bob White!" "Bob White!" just as he did.



When Mr. and Mrs. Bob White went to housekeeping they wasted no time looking for empty houses, but built a home to suit themselves, and when it was finished it was just exactly what they needed.

Before the little quails were hatched Mrs. Bob White didn't like to stay at home all the time to keep the eggs warm, so Bob White used to take her place while she went walking. One day when he was on the nest taking care of the pretty eggs, a man came out to take

a picture of their home. Bob White never thought of such a thing as having his picture taken, but he was so afraid the man would harm the eggs that he ruffled up his feathers until he looked very fierce and wouldn't leave the nest. Nothing could have pleased the man better, so he took Bob White's picture, nest and all.

The quails had plenty of neighbors — there were meadow larks, ground sparrows, blackbirds, and ever so many other folks living near them. Sometimes the little quails would run away and peep into the neighbors' houses; but if their mother called them, they ran home ever so fast.

The baby quails wondered why crows have homes in the very tree tops. They thought all birds ought to live on the ground. Then, too, they couldn't understand why crows say "Caw! caw! caw!" all the time, instead of "Bob White" once in a while.

It is an old fashion among quails to wear brown. Bob White wore a beautiful wood-brown coat and a light-colored vest trimmed with black — indeed, there was a large patch of black on the very middle of his vest. Close beneath his chin he wore a spreading white necktie. His white-bordered cap he pulled down so tight on his head that from a little distance he seemed to have a line of white over his eyes reaching down to his neck.

Mrs. Bob White didn't care for so much black trimming, but her dress was the same wood-brown color with a full front of buff and a fluffy white bow under her chin.

Brown is the best color for quails. If they wore black and white, like the bobolinks that sing so gayly in the meadows, or bright caps like the red-headed woodpeckers, it wouldn't be safe for them to walk through the fields as they do now.

The humming-birds wear green, because in a dress of that color they are not easily seen against the green leaves of bushes and trees. All the birds in bright coats, like the redbirds, perch on the highest tree tops away from the danger of being seen by any who might harm them.

The bird families do not simply happen to wear what they do, but the One who clothed them carefully planned the colors for all.

Bob White's coat was planned with such thought and care that a man might almost walk over him without knowing it. Clothed in the color of the dead leaves and the ground, it is no wonder he is not easily seen either in the sparkling sunshine of midsummer or the dull, dark days of autumn.

One day when Mrs. Bob White and the children were out walking in the meadow, they saw a man coming with a gun. The wise mother bird told the children to

run and hide under the leaves. They didn't stop to ask why, but minded the minute she spoke.

Catching sight of Mrs. Bob White so near him, the man was just going to shoot her when he noticed that she seemed lame. Sure enough, away went Mrs. Bob White, dragging one foot behind her on the ground as though she was badly hurt.

The man dropped his gun, thinking he could easily catch her, but when he tried to do so she went a little faster, flying away at last, so that he gave her up.

After the man had gone the mother bird called her scattered children together, and a merry time they had on the way home.

Bob White said that perhaps if the man with the gun only knew how much good the quail families do on the farm, eating insects and weed seeds, he wouldn't think of shooting one. He told the children not to forget that all men are not alike, and that some are very kind to birds.

Bob White often told his children stories, and one they never tired of hearing was about the long, cold winter, when he and their mother came nearly starving, until they went to live in the hen house with the hens.

If ever you go to the woods and want to meet some interesting folks, stop on the way and visit Bob White and his charming family.

— Margaret E. Fox, in the *Teachers' World.*

THE MAPLE AND THE PINE.

Once a beautiful maple tree grew in the center of a large park. All summer long it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had sat on the green grass under it and enjoyed its cool shade.

But along with the fall came a change in the maple tree. Its green leaves began to turn red and yellow.

Every one, young and old alike, noticed the change. All said: "How beautiful the maple is! In all the park there is no other tree whose leaves are so bright and pretty."

The maple was glad to hear herself talked of in that way, for it was all true. But all this honest praise turned her head, and she became proud and vain. She spread out her boughs so far that a little pine close by was almost hidden from sight.

"It does not matter," said the maple, "if I do hide the pine. No one cares to look at him, he is such a plain little tree."

The pine heard the unkind words of the maple, but made no reply. He only rustled his branches and sighed.

Just then the good fairy of the park passed and said: "Why do you sigh, little pine? Are you not happy?"

The pine replied: "I sighed only because the maple

is so much more beautiful than I am. She seems to please every one."

The good fairy felt sorry. The little pine did look plain and small as he stood beside the maple in her pretty dress of scarlet and yellow. So the fairy whispered, "Only wait!"

In a few days the leaves of the maple turned brown and fell to the earth. Its branches were bare; its beauty was gone.

When the snow came, there was but one bright, cheerful spot in the whole park. There stood the brave little pine, its leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the winter the sight of it cheered the people who passed by.

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THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree had

heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself. Now the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October.

And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, too, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no bright color in them, and so the leaf said, "O branches, why are you a dark brown color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over," said the branches.

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go, without thinking of it. Now the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of

fire in the air, and then it dropped down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves. Then it fell into a dream, and it never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

— Henry Ward Beecher.

THE BOY AND THE STAR.

One summer night a little boy named Ross was playing with his dog. They were playing near the doorstep of his home.

The sun had set in the west, and the twinkling stars were coming out one by one.

How bright and beautiful the stars are to-night! thought the little boy. I wish I had that bright red star over the hilltop. It seems so near the ground that all I shall have to do is to reach out my hand and take it.

Down the road he went as fast as he could go, keeping his eyes all the time on the little red star.

Soon he came to the hill. The star was still right before him and seemed to be resting in the middle of the road on the hilltop.

As he ran on, he said, "Come, Don, let us run to the top of the hill, and then we shall have the star."

When he reached the top of the hill, the star was not there. It then seemed to rest on a higher hill not far away. The boy did not give up. He wanted the little

red star to take to his home. All the time he kept saying to his dog, "Keep on, my dear Don; do not give up, and we shall soon have the star."

His chase led him through beds of roses and fields of thorns. At last he reached the highest hilltop, but the star was not there. It was as far away as ever. It no longer rested on the hilltops; it was high up in the sky.

The boy became a man. He never forgot his chase for the star. His pathway through life had led him through many smiling fields and thorny places, but he kept on. He always kept his eye on the goal before him. He never gave up. He became a better and a stronger man. His pathway had ever been onward and upward.

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A LOAF OF SUGAR.

I am a little loaf of sugar, and I know you like me. You put me in your tea and coffee, and I make it sweet for you.

One day I was a plant, and then I looked like corn. I belong to the grass family, as do also corn, wheat, and many other plants, and I grow from ten to twenty feet high. My stem has many joints, and my leaves are long and grass-like. They are pointed at the tips.

Would you like to know how I became a loaf of sugar? From the time I was a plant to the form in which you see me now I went through many changes. I will tell you all about them.

When I was a plant I was called sugar cane. I grew on a large plantation in the sunny South. A southern planter took care of me. At first I was planted in a furrow made by a plow. At that time I was a little

cutting about two feet long. Many of us were put into the ground at the same time. Three of us were laid side by side. We were put into furrows about seven feet apart.

I did not grow from a seed, neither did my brothers nor sisters. We were all cut from the little canes. We grew from buds at the end of the canes. It did not take us long to become plants.

When we reached our full size, the planter and his men came along and cut us down. They seemed to know just what to do. Each man had a knife, and he knew just how to use it.

When I was a plant, I needed sugar to make me grow. It formed as food in my green cells. This sugar makes me sweet and that is why you like me. My tops and leaves have but little sugar in them, therefore when I am cut down they are taken off. When we are stripped of our tops and leaves, the cutter throws us into piles or winrows. We are then ready for the men to come and gather us up for the cars.

If you will get on the train and go with us to the mill, you will see how much work it takes to make us into sugar.

When we reach the mill, we are thrown on a moving belt. This carries us to the top of the big sugar mill. There we fall off the belt between large rollers. The rollers themselves are as big around as a hogshead, and very much longer.

In passing between the rollers all the juice we contain is squeezed out of us.

Would you like to know what becomes of our juice? If you will go down under the rollers, you will see it pouring out in streams. It is very sweet and of a dark color. It now falls into large vats. In these vats I am made white and boiled down to a thick sirup. In the

end I become sugar. Then I am molded into little cubes or loaves and put up into barrels and shipped to the markets.

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THE FOG AND THE RAIN.

"What is the fog, mother?"
"Sometimes the air is light,
And cannot bear up all the mists,
And then 'tis foggy, quite;
But when the air heavier grows,
The fog is borne above,
And floated off, the cloudy stuff,
Just see it, graceful, move."

"What makes the rain, mother?"
"The mists and vapor rise
From land and stream and rolling sea,
Up toward the distant skies;
And there they form the clouds,
Which, when they're watery, dear,
Pour all the water down to earth,
And rain afar or near."

—Mother Truth's Melodies.

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BLACK BEAUTY'S BREAKING IN.

Part I.

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had

one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome. My master would not sell me until I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses, until they were grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down, and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him. He seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt; and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way his rider wishes, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a wagon fixed behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own, but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had, of course, long been used to the halter and the headstall, and to be led about in the fields and lanes

quietly; but now I was to have a bit and bridle. My master gave me some oats, as usual, and, after a great deal of coaxing, he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed; but it was a nasty thing!

Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels, — a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of your mouth, and held fast there by straps over your head, under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin, so that no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty, hard thing. It is very bad; yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up. And so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle; but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, whilst the old workman held my head. He then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time. Then I had a few oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day, until I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back, and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer;

but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and, as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes. My master went with me to the smith's forge to see that I was not hurt. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, and so I stood still on three legs until he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I became used to it.

And now, having come so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side pieces against my eyes, called blinkers; and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me. Next there was a small saddle with an ugly stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper; to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking; but of course I could not kick such a good master. And so in time I became used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the fence which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance. And before I knew whence it came, with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke, a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned, and galloped to the other side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear.

In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful whistle and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful; but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, dreadful thing came puffing and groaning past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it,

and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then, I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam-engine; but, thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now, if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady, and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me that the better I behaved the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master. "But," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men. There are good, thoughtful men, like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; but there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think. These spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they do not mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him: it is all a chance for us; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

—Anna Sewell, in "Black Beauty."

THE KIND OLD OAK AND THE VIOLETS.

A Fable.

It was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold. There was no green grass in the fields, and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens. Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter, with its snow and ice, was coming.

At the foot of an old oak tree some sweet violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of the cold."

"Do not be afraid, little ones," said the oak. "Close your yellow eyes in sleep, and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I will take care that the winter shall do you no harm."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep; they knew that they could trust the kind, old oak. And the great tree softly dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them, until they were all covered over.

The cold winter came, with its snow and ice, but it could not harm the little violets. Safe under the friendly leaves of the old oak they slept and dreamed happy dreams until the warm rains of spring came and waked them again.

— From Harper's Second Reader.

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THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—Jane Taylor.

A VISIT TO GRANDFATHER'S HOME.

It is a bright morning in autumn, and the air is cool and crisp. "We're going to-day," said Edith and

Roscoe, "to the home of our grandfather. He has a large farm, and will be glad to take us out for a walk over the meadows and fields.

"The old farmhouse stands at the foot of the hill, and just in front and across the lane are the barns and sheds."

"Last year when we were at grandfather's," said Roscoe, "it was the month of November, and the barn was full of hay and grain. All the crops had been gathered. The golden ears of corn were in the cribs, and the wheat was stored away in the bins.

"Grandfather took us out for a walk. We went through the old fields where the corn had been cut off, and along the fence we saw the yellow pumpkins heaped in great banks. 'These are for the cows,' said he, 'and we feed them some every evening.'

"He then took us to a large grove of hickory trees, which was at the upper end of the swamp. Under these trees, the ground was covered with white nuts. I filled my pockets with all I could well carry.

"When we went back to the barn, late in the afternoon, we found the turkeys, geese, and chickens ready for their night's meal. They came flying around us in flocks, quacking and cackling as if filled with delight at our coming.

"Grandfather then went into the granary and brought out a peck of corn and buckwheat, which he scattered

on the ground; and I'll never forget the lively time the fowls had while picking up the grains.

"He gave them all they wanted to eat, for he was fattening them for the glad Thanksgiving time.

"'It is then,' said grandfather, 'that the farmer's crops are heaped high. He has plenty, not only of corn and wheat, but of apples and nuts and chickens and ducks and geese and turkeys. It is then, too, that the city markets are well stocked with all these good things of earth, which the farmer raises or grows in the country.

"'So one day each year we set apart as a day of thanksgiving for the many things which God gives us.'"

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we'll go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray;
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—Lydia Maria Child.

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THE PYGMIES.

Away across the seas in a distant land lives a race of people who are no larger than boys and girls. These people do not grow to be more than four feet tall, and they live in very dark forests. Many of them have no houses at all and wander from place to place and sleep on the ground. The little huts which the others have are built in the shape of beehives, and are covered with long leaves. The doors of these huts are very small, and these little people can just nicely creep through them. The beds which they use are made of sticks stuck into the ground with other sticks running across for slats.

This race of little people is called pygmies, and some of them are black, while others are a reddish black. They do not need to wear much clothing, for the weather is always warm in their country.

They live by fishing and hunting, but they do not have any guns. They use bows and arrows, and with them they can kill the largest animals.

The pygmies show much cunning in making pits in which to catch and take the animals which they wish to kill. They cover these pits with sticks and leaves so that when the animals come along they fall into them and are easily taken. When a pygmy wants to kill an elephant, he first shoots him in the eyes until he is blind, and then keeps shooting at him until he falls dead.

The pygmies eat the meat of some of the animals which they kill, and such furs and skins as they take they trade for arrows and knives or potatoes. They do not plant or sow anything, but they are very fond of bananas, and often come out of the forests to get them from the tree-like plants on which they grow. It is said that a pygmy will eat twice as many bananas as the largest white man, and a story is told that he can eat as many as sixty at a meal.

Though pygmies are the smallest race of men in the world, and often apelike, they are very brave. They are cheerful and winning in their ways and they enjoy frolicsome dances.

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LITTLE SNOWFLAKES.

Far up in its cloud land a tiny snowflake was rejoicing because it was going down to the earth. "How do you know that you are going to the earth?" asked its sisters and brothers.

"I will tell you," said the snowflake. "Last night I heard the cold frost and the north wind talking about sending us all down to the earth, if the east wind would come and help them."

While they were wishing for the east wind, they

looked over the ocean and saw it driving the clouds very fast. The frost and the north wind were so glad to see the clouds that they changed the water drops in them into tiny snowflakes.

Now the snowflakes began their journey toward the earth, and what a pleasant journey it was! They laughed and danced as they were whirled along by the strong winds. At last they reached the ground, and, after flying and jumping about, they became so tired that they rested awhile. While resting, they heard a great shout, and in a few minutes the schoolboys came running down the road.

"Now we shall have some fun," said the snowflakes, "for the boys are coming to play with us."

Very soon the boys began to make snowballs, and to take sides for a snowball match. But the little snowflakes said that they would not strike hard, as they did not want to hurt any one. How thoughtful and kind the little snowflakes were!

Soon the boys grew tired, and went home to get their sleds so that they might go coasting. Now the little snowflakes had another rest, and enjoyed it, indeed, as they watched the other brothers and sisters dancing through the air on their way to the ground.

They had just welcomed the newcomers when they heard footsteps and, looking up, saw a tall boy coming down the road.

The snowflakes thought that this boy would not notice them, for he seemed very busy reading a book. When he came near the snowflakes, he stooped down and taking up some of them in his hands, said: "How soft and white you are, pretty snowflakes! How kind it is of you to come and cover the ground so as to keep the plants from freezing! I have just been reading about you, and I am glad to learn that you come every winter and cover the ground with your warm, white blanket."

WEAVING A SNOWFLAKE COVERLET.

It was a little snowflake
With tiny ringlets furled;
Its warm cloud mother held it fast
Above the sleeping world.
All night the wild winds blustered
And blew o'er land and sea;
But the little snowflake cuddled close
As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold, gray morning,
And the great cloud mother said:
"Now every little snowflake
Must proudly lift its head,
And through the air go sailing
Till it finds a place to light,

For I must weave a coverlet
To clothe the earth in white."

The little snowflake fluttered
And gave a wee, wee sigh,
But fifty million other flakes
Came softly floating by.
And the wise cloud mothers sent them
To keep the world's breast warm
Through many a winter sunset
And many a night of storm.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

Nĭch'o las erēa'ture brĕast cōurs'er eŏm'et

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads:
And mother in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap:
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in furs, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath:
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

—Clement C. Moore.

FATHER TIME AND HIS FAMILY.

I am very old, and I live in every clime and zone. In fact, no one seems to know my age, but all claim that I am as old as the hills. Since time began I have been father of the years, and I give you the warm weather and the cold, the rain and the sunshine. I also give you the fog and the dew, as well as the snow and the frost.

I come and go, and I take out the old year and bring in the new. I make the seasons for you with their many changes of wind and weather. I give you the spring with its flowers and plants, when every bud unfolds its leaves of freshest green. I bring you the summer with its warm days to ripen fruit and grain, and I send you the autumn with its golden harvest for all. Then after spring, summer, and fall, I come with cold winter with its ice and snow to cover the ground and keep it warm.

I have twelve children, and you all know them. Their names are January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, and December. They form the months which make the year.

January is the month of snow and ice. It gives you the Happy New Year, the happiest day in all the year. This is the month in which the boys and girls go coasting on the hillsides and skating on the ponds, and have great fun and sport.

February is the month of great men, and in it we celebrate the birth of Washington and of Lincoln. St. Valentine's Day is also in this month, and Uncle Sam's mails are loaded down with valentines to gladden the youthful hearts.

March, windy, blustering March, is the third month, and he comes in strong and mighty. The farmer now lays in his wood for summer and gets ready to do his plowing and sowing. It is the time of the year for trimming the fruit trees into shapely form and for rebuilding the fences. In March the days grow longer in the northern hemisphere and shorter in the southern, and we know that summer is coming.

In April the snows melt, the little brooks awaken and chatter over pebbly beds, the birds return to gladden us with their songs, and the leaves begin to grow.

The last month of spring is May, the loveliest child of all. She bedecks the earth with flowers and dresses the fields and groves with richest green. Welcome, welcome, lovely May!

June is the month of roses. She brings the sunny days of summer. The birds now sing their gayest songs. All nature is alive, and everything is growing.

July has the greatest day in all the year — the Fourth of July. Every boy and girl knows this day, for on it our country was born. We call it Independence Day,

and we celebrate it with flags and drums, and with trumpets and cannon.

August is the month of golden sheaves, and nature is preparing her storehouse for winter. The days are still warm, and but little rain falls to water the ripening plants and grains. But the sunshine is spreading its light over all.

September now comes, and the orchards are filled with ripening fruits. The songs of the katydid and cricket tell us that Jack Frost is on his way to pay us a visit. From every field and thicket these loud and shrill sounds at evening tell us that fall is here.

October is the month of bright blue weather, but Jack Frost in his cold garb makes the nights cool and chilly. The woodlands are awakened from their

stillness by the brown nuts dropping among the fallen leaves.

November is here with its brown fields and naked woods. The wintry winds begin to blow, and the farmer heaps high his crops of golden corn and yellow pumpkins. All is now ready for Thanksgiving Day.

Last of all the months is December. He rounds out the year with the merry Christmas time. He brings old Santa Claus laden with toys and dolls and presents of every kind for old and young.

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IN TIME'S SWING.

Father Time, your footsteps go
Lightly as the falling snow.
In your swing I'm sitting, see!
Push me softly; one, two, three,
Twelve times only. Like a sheet
Spreads the snow beneath my feet.
Singing merrily, let me swing
Out of winter into spring.

Swing me out, and swing me in!
Trees are bare, but birds begin

Twittering to the peeping leaves
On the bough beneath the eaves.
Look! one lilac bud I saw.
Icy hillsides feel the thaw.
April chased off March to-day;
Now I catch a glimpse of May.

Oh the smell of sprouting grass!
In a blur the violets pass,
Whisperings from the wild wood come,
Mayflowers' breath, and insects' hum,
Roses carpeting the ground,
Orioles warbling all around.
Swing me low, and swing me high,
To the warm clouds of July!

Slower now, for at my side
White pond lilies open wide.
Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal blossoms burn like fire.
They are gone; the golden-rod
Flashes from the dark green sod.
Crickets in the grass I hear;
Asters light the fading year.

Slower still! October weaves
Rainbows of the forest leaves.

Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
Glimmer out of sleety dew.
Winds through withered sedges hiss:
Meadow green I sadly miss.
Oh, 'tis snowing; swing me fast,
While December shivers past!

Frosty-bearded Father Time,
Stop your football on the rime!
Hard your push, your hand is rough;
You have swung me long enough.
"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,
Some of your best stories tell,
While you swing me — gently, do! —
From the Old Year to the New.

— Lucy Larcom.

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hĕav'en breāk

THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE STARS.

"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.

"And God made two great lights: the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also.

"And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good."

God made the sun, the moon, and the stars to give light upon the earth, and to mark the days, the years, and the seasons.

The sun is the orb of day, and shines over half of the earth all the time. Now as the earth turns round and round this gives us the night and the day. We need the light to make everything upon the earth grow, and without it every plant and every living thing would die.

The moon and the stars shine at night, and give us some light to break the darkness.

THE SUN.

Somewhere it is always light;
For when 'tis morning here,
In some far distant land 'tis night,
And the bright moon shines there.

When you've retired and gone to sleep,
They are just rising there;
And morning o'er the hill doth creep
When it is evening here.

And other distant lands there be
Where it is always night;
For weeks the sun they never see,
The stars alone give light.

But though 'tis dark both night or day,
It is as wondrous quite
That when the night has passed away,
The sun for weeks gives light.

Yes, while you sleep the sun shines bright,
The sky is blue and clear;
For weeks and weeks there is no night,
But always daylight there.

Mȯn'day shōul'der

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

"Well, once upon a time," began Mary, in true fairy-story fashion, "there was a man who went out into the woods and picked up sticks on a Sunday. That was very wicked of him, you know, because Sunday is a day of rest, and picking up sticks is work. He tied the sticks together into a bundle, and putting them on his shoulder started to walk home with them. On the way he met a handsome stranger, who said, —

"'What are you picking up sticks for on Sunday?'

"'It does not matter to me whether it is Sunday or Monday,' said the man in a gruff voice. 'I pick up sticks when I want to.'

"'Very well, then,' replied the handsome stranger; 'since you will not observe Sunday as a day of rest on earth, you shall have an everlasting moon-day in heaven.' Next moment the man went whirling away to the sky, and landed on the moon, where you can still see him, at full moon, with his load of sticks on his back."

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pā′per	con′stĭ tū′tion

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

This name is known all over the world, and the man who bore it was beloved by his countrymen. So much did the people respect him that many towns, villages, and streets have been named in his honor.

He was born nearly two hundred years ago, and a tablet on a block of houses marks the place where his first home stood. This is on Milk Street, just across from the Old South Church, in the city of Boston.

Franklin was eight years old before he was sent to school, but he could read long before that. He says that he could never remember when he learned to read.

He liked good books, and even when a boy, though books were few, he chose the very best for his reading.

When he was ten years old, he had to leave school to help his father. His father made his living by boiling soap and making tallow candles. But he soon saw that Benjamin would never be a candle maker, so he placed him with an older brother to learn printing. This was just what young Franklin wanted, as he desired to be a printer.

At this time, Franklin took a fancy to write poetry which was printed and found a ready sale. He also wanted to write for the paper but he did not dare to propose so bold a thing to his brother, so he wrote some articles and put them under the printing house door at night. They were printed and even his brother did not know who had written them. Franklin soon learned the printer's trade and became a writer of note.

The two brothers did not get on well together. At last Benjamin left home and went to Philadelphia, where he found work in a printing office. He was not long in this city before he gained many friends. He neither said nor wrote unkind things of any one, and the people soon respected and trusted him, and gave him many positions of honor.

Franklin was a wise man, and he became great in many things. He was great as a writer, great as a statesman, and great as a friend of his country. His whole life is a lesson in thoughtful industry.

Though he began life as a printer, it was not long before he owned a paper, and his writings attracted wide attention. For twenty-five years he printed yearly "Poor Richard's Almanac," which was a collection of homely sayings, expressed in a witty and pleasing way. One of these, "The noblest question in the world is: what good may I do in it," was a rule of Franklin's life. Wherever he went, at home or in distant lands, he was always seeking to find ways to benefit his fellow-men, and show them how to help themselves. Nothing seemed too hard for him to do.

"Poor Richard's Almanac" had a large sale, and was yearly sought by many people, who read the wise sayings and taught them to their children. This almanac, in its time, was a great power for good. Its maxims are still excellent guides.

These are some of them : —

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"For age and want save while you may ;
No morning sun lasts the whole day."

"He that would thrive
Must either plow or drive."

Franklin lived in the time of Washington and assisted him in securing the freedom of this country. He aided in writing the Declaration of Independence, and after the war was over, when our country became free and independent, he helped to make the great law of our land, the Constitution of the United States.

It was Franklin who brought a flash of lightning from the sky by means of a kite, and it was he who invented the lightning rod.

He was fourscore and four years old when he died. He lies buried in the graveyard of Christ Church, Philadelphia.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

When I was a little boy, I remember that one cold morning in winter I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" — "Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?"

His words of flattery made me happy, and I was glad to do anything he wanted. I told him that the grindstone was in the shop. Patting me on the head, he said, "My man, will you get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought it. "How old are you? and what is your name?" he next asked me. Without waiting for me to tell him, he then said, "You are a fine little man, the finest boy that I have ever seen. Will you just turn the grindstone a few minutes for me?"

All these kind words made me so very happy that I went to work with a will, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired out. The school bell rang, and I could not get away. Soon my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground. However, by and by the ax was sharpened. Then the man told me to be off to school. "You are a truant," he said; "the teacher will be after you." These words made me sad. It was hard to turn the grindstone, but to be called a truant was too much.

His words sank deep in my mind. I have thought of them many times. I now never hear a man flattering any one, but what I think of turning the grindstone. I know that man has an ax to grind. Look out for flattery. There are many men who will want you to turn the grindstone.

— Adapted from Benjamin Franklin.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!

She was never so
cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

—Mrs. Follen.

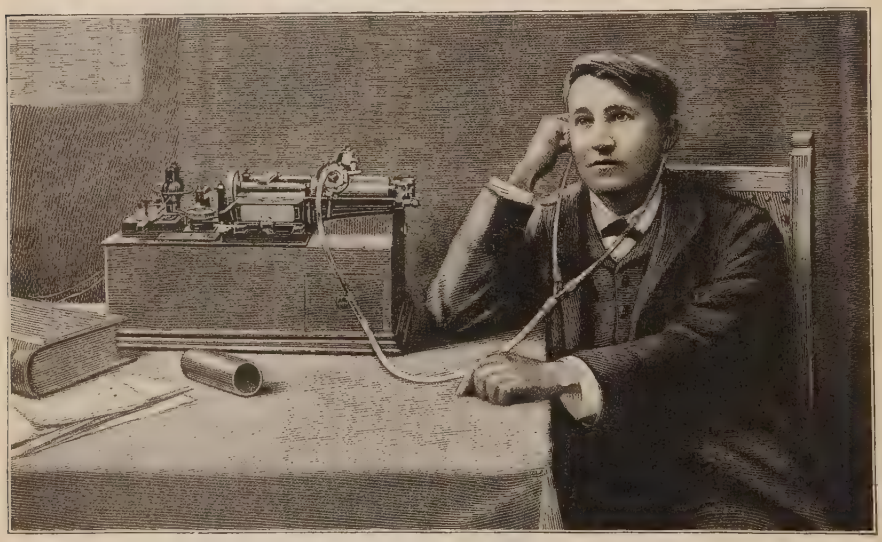
THOMAS A. EDISON.

The greatest inventor of the age is Thomas A. Edison, and his whole life is an interesting story for young people. His mother had been a teacher, and her greatest wish for her son was that he should love knowledge and grow up to be a good and useful man.

At a very early age he began to see what he could do for himself, and tried all sorts of experiments. A very funny story is told of him when he was still wearing dresses. One day he was missed by his parents, and they found him in the hayloft, sitting on a nest of goose

eggs, with his little dress spread out to keep them warm. He did not see why he could not hatch goose eggs as well as the mother goose.

As his parents were poor, he was sent to school only two months. Then his mother became his teacher, and it is due to her training that he afterward became a



great inventor. She understood the bent of his mind and encouraged him in trying to find out how things are made.

When he was only twelve years of age, he secured a position as train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad in one of the western states. He went through the train and sold apples, peanuts, papers, and books. He had

such a pleasant face that everybody liked to buy his wares. He traded some of his papers for things with which to try experiments. He then fitted out an old baggage car as a little room in which he began his first efforts in the way of inventions.

One of the things he did while working as a train boy was to print a paper on the train. The *London Times* spoke of it as the only paper published on a train in the world. It was named the *Grand Trunk Herald.*

Young Edison worked as a train boy for four years, and he had in that time saved two thousand dollars, which he gave to his parents.

Once he thought he would like to read all the books in the city library. He read for a long time, but he found that he could not finish all the books. He then made up his mind that one would have to live a thousand years in order to read all the books in that library, so he gave up the idea.

One day he bought a book on electricity. Soon the basement of his home was filled with many odd things. He used a stovepipe to connect his home with that of another boy, and through this the boys could talk when they wished.

A kind friend taught young Edison how to telegraph, and in five months he could operate well and was given a position. He worked very hard, night and day, so that he could learn all he could about electricity. He

lost place after place because he was always trying some new idea. One of the things that he thought could be done was that two messages could be sent over a wire at the same time. Everybody said he was crazy, but it was not long before he showed the people that he could send four messages on a wire at the same time. Then the people said, "This young man is not crazy; he is the greatest inventor of the age."

He invented the phonograph. It is a talking machine. Mr. Edison said, "I have invented a great many machines, but this is my baby, and I expect it to grow up to support me in my old age." Another machine which he has invented is the carbon telephone, which tells the heat, even of the far-away stars.

His greatest invention is the electric light, which is used for lighting houses, steamships, railway trains, street cars, and other indoor places.

He keeps inventing all the time, and among his wonderful inventions are talking dolls and the electric pen.

Mr. Edison loves his work, and will never give up an idea until he has mastered the task set before him. For ten years he worked about eighteen hours a day. It is said one of his inventions, a printing press, failed. Then he took five men to the upper part of his factory and said he would not come down until the machine worked. He stayed there for two days and nights and

for twelve hours more without any sleep. Then he went to bed and slept for thirty hours.

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SHEEP RAISING.

In the western part of our country millions of sheep are raised every year, and there are fully half as many sheep and lambs together in the United States as there are people. The work of raising sheep is done on ranches, and they are kept in herds of about twenty-five hundred each.

On every good ranch there are a house for the family, a bunk house for the men, and many sheds under which the sheep are handled and sorted. Some hay is stored away to feed the sheep in winter in case the snows become so deep that they cannot get their food on the range.

The sheep herder has a lonely life on the range. His dog is his only companion, except the thousands of sheep he has under his care, and it is often weeks that he does not see a human face. He is supplied with food by a camp tender who drives from herder to herder on the vast range about once in two weeks.

The shepherd dog plays no small part in the work of

sheep raising, and it would be hard for the herder to get along without him. He is needed to drive the sheep and to take care of them. At all times he seems to know just what to do. He watches the lambs and keeps them with the flock of sheep.

The sheep on the range feed over a great extent of country, going about eight or ten miles a day. They pick up their food as they go, and when a good spot is reached, where water and grass are found in abundance, the herder will pitch his tent and remain a few days.

Some of the largest ranches for sheep raising have as

many as sixty thousand sheep, and the work of herding begins in early spring. The herders start out toward the foothills of the mountains, then they drift with the flocks in the direction of the railroad. This is so that when shearing time comes the sheep will be near the railroad, and the wool can be readily shipped to the markets.

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THE BELL OF ATRI.

Atri is the name of a little town in Italy. It is a very old town, and is built halfway up the side of a steep hill.

A long time ago, the King of Atri bought a fine large bell and had it hung up in a tower, in a market place. A long rope that reached almost to the ground was fastened to the bell. The smallest child could ring the bell by pulling upon the rope.

"It is the bell of justice," said the king.

When at last everything was ready the people of Atri had a great holiday. All the men and women and children came down to the market place to look at the bell of justice. It was a very pretty bell, and was polished until it looked almost as bright and yellow as the sun.

"How we should like to hear it ring!" they said.

Then the king came down the street.

"Perhaps he will ring it," said the people, and everybody stood very still and waited to see what he would do.

But he did not ring the bell. He did not even take the rope in his hands. When he came to the foot of the tower, he stopped and raised his hand.

"My people," he said, "do you see this beautiful bell? It is your bell; but it must never be rung except in case of need. If any one of you is wronged at any time, he may come and ring the bell; and then the judges shall come together at once, and hear his case, and give him justice. Rich and poor, old and young, all alike may come; but no one must touch the rope unless he knows that he has been wronged."

Many years passed by after this. Many times did the bell in the market place ring out to call the judges together. Many wrongs were righted, many ill-doers were punished. At last the hempen rope was almost worn out. The lower part of it was untwisted; some of the strands were broken; it became so short that only a tall man could reach it.

"This will never do," said the judges one day. "What if a child should be wronged? It could not ring the bell to let us know it."

They gave orders that a new rope should be put upon the bell at once — a rope that should hang down to the

ground, so that the smallest child could reach it. But there was not a rope to be found in all Atri. They would have to send across the mountains for one, and it would be many days before it could be brought. What if some great wrong should be done before it came? How could the judges know about it, if the injured one could not reach the old rope?

"Let me fix it for you," said a man who stood by.

He ran into his garden, which was not far away, and soon came back with a long grapevine in his hands.

"This will do for a rope," he said; and he climbed up and fastened it to the bell. The slender vine, with its leaves and tendrils still upon it, trailed to the ground.

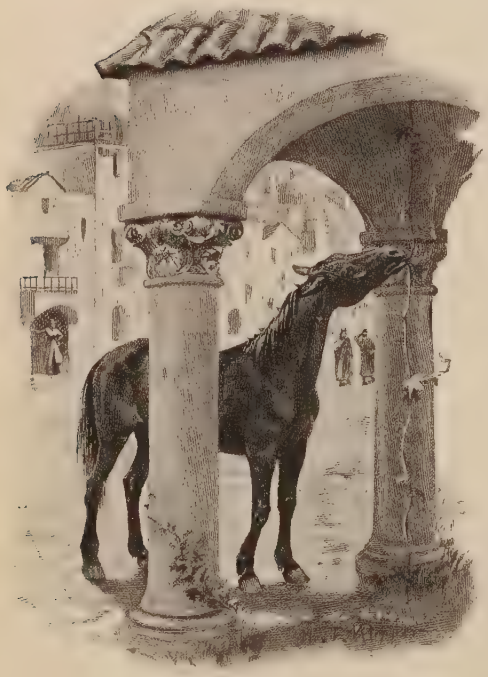
"Yes," said the judges, "it is a very good rope. Let it be as it is."

Now on the hillside above the village there lived a man who had once been a brave knight. In his youth he had ridden through many lands, and he had fought in many a battle. His best friend through all that time had been his horse, a strong, noble steed that had borne him safe through many a danger.

But the knight, when he grew older, cared no more to ride into battle; he cared no more to do brave deeds; he thought of nothing but gold; he became a miser. At last he sold all that he had, except his horse, and went to live in a little hut on the hillside. Day after day he sat among his money bags and planned how he might

get more gold; and day after day his horse stood in his bare stall, half starved and shivering with cold.

"What is the use of keeping that lazy steed?" said the miser to himself one morning. "Every week it costs me more to feed him than he is worth. I might sell him; but there is not a man that wants him. I cannot even give him away. I will turn him out to shift for himself and pick grass by the roadside. If he starves to death, so much the better."



So the brave old horse was turned out to find what he could among the rocks on the barren hillside. Lame and sick, he strolled along the dusty roads, glad to find a blade of grass, or a thistle. The boys threw stones at him, and dogs barked at him, and in all the world there was no one to pity him.

One hot afternoon, when no one was upon the street, the horse chanced to wander into the market place.

Not a man or a child was there, for the heat of the sun had driven them all indoors. The gates were wide open; the poor beast could roam where he pleased. He saw the grapevine rope that hung from the bell of justice. The leaves and tendrils upon it were still fresh and green, for it had not been there long. What a fine dinner they would be for a starving horse!

He stretched his thin neck and took one of the tempting morsels in his mouth. It was hard to break it from the vine. He pulled at it, and the great bell above him began to ring. All the people in Atri heard it. It seemed to say:

"Some one has done me wrong!
Some one has done me wrong!
Oh! come and judge my case!
Oh! come and judge my case!
For I've been wronged!"

The judges heard it. They put on their robes and went out through the hot streets to the market place. They wondered who it could be, who would ring the bell at such a time. When they passed through the gate, they saw the old horse nibbling at the vine.

"Ha!" cried one, "it is the miser's steed. He has come to call for justice; for his master, as everybody knows, has treated him shamefully." "He pleads his cause as well as any dumb brute can," said another.

"And he shall have justice!" said the third.

Meanwhile a crowd of men and women and children had come into the market place, eager to learn what cause the judges were about to try. When they saw the horse, all stood in wonder. Then every one was ready to tell how he had seen him wandering on the hills, unfed, uncared for, while his master sat at home counting his bags of gold.

"Go bring the miser before us," said the judges.

And when he came, they bade him stand and hear their judgment.

"This horse has served you well for many a year," they said. "He has helped you gain your wealth. Therefore we order that one-half of all your gold shall be set aside to buy him shelter and food, a green pasture where he may graze, and a warm stall to comfort him in his old age."

The miser hung his head, and grieved to lose his gold; but the people shouted with joy, and the horse was led away to his new stall and to a dinner such as he had not had in many a day.

—James Baldwin, in "Fifty Famous Stories Retold."

Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.

BUDS AND BIRD VOICES.

Part I.

Balmy spring is here. She has come at last to awaken anew the moss on the walls of our old mansion and to start it growing another year. She looks brightly into my study window, as if to say, "Throw it open and let in the summer air."

As the window opens, out into the boundless space fly the many forms of thought and fancy that have kept me from being lonely during the long hours of winter. They may vanish now and leave me to begin a fresh existence out of sunshine.

Brooding moments may flap their wings and take their flight, blinking amid the cheerfulness of noontide. Such thoughts befit the time of the year of frosted window panes and crackling fires, when the wind howls through the black ash trees of our streets, and drifting snow-storms choke up the wood paths and fill the highway from stone wall to stone wall.

In the spring and summer time all dull thoughts should follow the winter northward with the flight of the black and thoughtful crows. All our sad thoughts should now vanish, that we may live for the simple end of being happy.

The present spring comes onward with fleeter foot-

steps than ever before, so that it may make up for the time lost to her by the tardy lap of winter.

It is but two weeks since I stood on the brink of the raging waters and beheld the stores of ice of four frozen months go down the stream. All of the land was then under a white blanket of deep snow. It was a sight to make the beholder torpid, in thinking how this vast white napkin was to be removed from the land in less time than had been required to spread it there.

But in a little while it had vanished away. Whatever heaps may be hidden in the woods and deep gorges of the hills, only two specks remain in the landscape; and those I shall almost regret to miss when to-morrow I look for them in vain. Never before, methinks, has spring come so quickly to take the footsteps of retreating winter.

Along the roadside the green blades of grass have sprouted on the very edge of the melting snow banks. The pastures and mowing fields have not yet taken on their full aspect of verdure. But they have not the cheerless brown tint which they wore in the closing days of fall, when plant, tree, and shrub stopped growing.

Part II.

There is now a faint shadow of life brightening into warm reality. The trees on the hillsides and slopes are

yet naked, but already appear full of life and blood. It seems as if by one stroke they might come into full leaf, and that the wind which now sighs through their naked branches might make sudden music amid the countless leaves. The moss-grown willow tree, which for forty years past has thrown its shadow across these western windows, will be among the first to put on green attire.

The willow is almost the earliest to gladden us with its graceful foliage, and the last to scatter its yellow leaves upon the ground. All winter long its yellow twigs give a sunny aspect, which is not without a cheering thought in grayest, darkest day.

Under the clouded sky it never forgets the sunshine. Our old home would miss its charm were the willow to be cut down.

The lilac shrubs under my study window are likewise almost in leaf. In two or three days more I may put out my hand and pluck the topmost bough in freshest green.

The lilacs are very old and have lost the pretty foliage of their prime. Old age is not all one would have it when put into the life of lilacs and rose bushes.

Apple trees, on the other hand, grow old, and yet seemingly remain the same as when they were in their prime. Let them live as long as they may, turn themselves in whatever shape they please, and deck their spreading branches in their pink blossoms of spring,

still we like them so long as they bear only an apple or two a year. So it is with the boys and girls, the grandest flower shrubs. If they would grow old on earth, they should bear, besides their lovely blossoms, some kind of fruit that will atone for age.

Part III.

Among the joys of spring one cannot forget the birds. I was glad to welcome the crows, which came before the white blanket of winter was off, but now seem mostly to have betaken themselves to the woods to stay all summer long.

Many a time shall I go there to hear them set up their "Caw, caw," from the tall tree tops. It is their alarm that somebody or something is in their camp, and their voices when they speak fall in pealing tones upon the stillness of the summer afternoon. Soon a whole family of crows, as it were, will come from far and near, and for a little while will join in the loud clamor, then one and all will take their flight as if to say good-by.

But, after all, a crow is a crow. It is said that he is not honest. However, be that as it may, it is a fact that other birds do not like him.

We admire the gulls much more. These birds of sea-beaten rocks and of the lonely beach come up our inland river at this time of the year and soar high over-

head, flapping their long wings in the upper sunshine. They are among the grandest of birds, for they float and rest upon the air so as to become almost fixed parts of the landscape. We have time to think of them as they rest among the clouds or sunshine.

Ducks have their haunts in nooks and hidden places of the river, and alight in flocks upon the wide sheet of water which overflows the meadows. Their flight is too quick for the eye to catch enjoyment from it, but it never fails to stir up the heart of the sportsman and fire him with zeal.

The smaller birds, — the little songsters of the woods, and those that haunt man's dwellings and claim a home with him by building their nests under sheltering eaves or among the apple or pear trees, — these require a gentler heart than mine to write of them. Their outburst of sweet songs is like a brook let loose from wintry chains. It seems as a hymn to God for giving the green time of the year when everything is springing into life. However, it is more than likely that their songs are the expression of their joy at the thoughts of their new summer home. — Nathaniel Hawthorne (adapted).

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

I heard the bluebird singing
To robin in the tree!
"Cold winter now is over,

And spring has come," said he;
"'Tis time for flowers to rouse from sleep,
And from their downy blankets peep;
So wake, wake, little flowers,
Wake, for winter is o'er,
Wake, wake, wake,
The spring has come once more."

Said robin to the bluebird:
"My nest I now must build,
And shortly you shall see it
With pretty blue eggs filled.
Then let us join once more and sing;

So wake, wake, little flowers,
That all the flowers may know 'tis spring;
Wake, for winter is o'er,
Wake, wake, wake,
The spring has come once more."

The robin and the bluebird
Soon after flew away,
But as they left the tree top
I think I heard them say,
"If birds and flowers have work to do,
Why, so have little children too;
So work, work, little children,
Work, for winter is o'er,
Work, work, work,
The spring has come once more."

— Helen C. Bacon.

THE AMERICAN ROBIN.

The American robin belongs to the thrush family, of which the mocking bird, catbird, and brown thrush are members. It makes its home in almost all sections of our country, and is one of the first birds to arrive in spring. It comes as early as March, and is one of the latest birds to take its flight southward in the fall.

The robin enjoys life on the farm near the home of man, following close upon the plow and spade, and often

becoming quite tame. It feeds on insects such as flies, grasshoppers, bugs, ants, and the like, and is a great blessing to man in protecting plant life from these pests, which it devours. As dainty morsels, it is fond of cherries and strawberries, and sometimes makes a meal of them; but after all it lives in large part on worms and insects picked out of the ground. The fruit that it eats is principally wild.

The robin's nest is often built in the crotch of a fruit or shade tree, but sometimes it is lodged in the corner of a hedge or grape arbor. It is composed of grasses, leaves, and roots, with an inner wall of fine grasses and mud. In the nest it lays from three to five plain, greenish-blue eggs, and two broods of robins are hatched each year.

The song of the robin is a loud, clear warble, but it has a touch of music which we enjoy. We like the American robin, and gladly welcome its arrival in early spring. It is a cheerful and happy bird, and shows much love for the baby robins, and will make an alarm call when they are in danger.

"Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm and fear no danger;
We are glad to see you here,
Now the snow is nearly gone,
Now the grass is coming on —

The trees are green, the sky is blue,
And we are glad to welcome you."

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lĕt'tuçe brĕak'fast

LITTLE ROSCOE'S CANARIES.

Roscoe was a little boy ten years old. He was kind and gentle, and every one loved him. He had a dog and a beautiful dove that loved him, too. And in the large, sunny dining room of Roscoe's home were two canaries. They always looked eagerly for his coming, and took lettuce and other food from his hands.

One of the little birds was a bright yellow, while the other was a yellowish green. These canaries had a pretty cage for their home. It was made of brass wire. In it were little perches and a swing, besides two little cups for food and water.

It was the month of April, and Roscoe was much interested in the canaries. He had heard his mother say that it was time to make a nest for them.

Roscoe helped all he could. He bought some very fine wire netting, and fashioned it in the form of a little nest. He then watched his mother cover and line it with soft, clean white cotton. Then he took some strings and helped tie the nest in an upper corner of the cage.

In a few days Roscoe was made happy by seeing one of the canaries sitting on the nest. On looking closely he saw a little white egg under her. He ran to tell his mother, who was now as happy as he, but she told him to keep away from the cage. "Canaries will not sit on their nests when you look at them," said his mother.

But Roscoe looked every day, and before many days the mother bird was sitting on four little white eggs. She was keeping them as warm as her little body could.

Roscoe's mother told him to wait a few days, and he would have a nice surprise. So one bright morning, just fourteen days after the first egg was discovered in the nest, as he came down to breakfast, he took a peep at the cage. His eyes opened in wonder, for he saw one little wee bird and a broken shell lying near it. The little one had a large head and body, and not a single feather on it. It had pecked its way out of the shell.

The little bird opened its bill when Roscoe saw it. The father bird was feeding it some egg which had been left in the bottom of the cage.

That morning Roscoe was so happy that he could hardly think of his lessons in school. His happiness was still greater when he returned at noon to find one more little bird out of the shell. The father bird and the mother bird fed the little ones and kept them warm. Before many weeks had passed there were six full-sized canaries all singing their happy songs.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;

They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Mary H. Krout.

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HOW BIRDS PROTECT TREES.

Trees are like great hotels, they are so alive with their busy little insect people. Like hotels, when looking for rooms, there is a choice between outside ones and dark inside ones. The outside ones are in cracks in the bark here; in the fall, visiting moths stow away their eggs in snug winter bedchambers, and sleepy butterfly children wind themselves in their silken covers and rest quietly till spring calls them to unfold their wings and seek the flowers.

Beneath the bark, in the inside rooms, live the wood borers, and up and down the long hallways boring ants run busily to and fro.

In the spring the eggs left in the bark hatch into hungry worms, and thousands of these new guests climb up to the airy roof gardens of the tree hotels to dine in the green banquet halls on fruit and leaves. Indeed, so many hungry insect folk board in the hotels, and live on the wood and leaves, that if no bound were put on their work the boarders would quite eat up their hotels.

One small wood borer alone can kill a whole great tree, and thousands and thousands of hungry worms and insects are always at work in our shade trees.

Wood ants find the holes the borers have made, and go on from them, tunneling deeper and deeper into the

heart of the trees till they have honeycombed the timber with their galleries. Any one who goes to the woods can see their work. Did you never find a pile of sawdust at the foot of a tree, or see a streak of the dust on the bark? That is the work of the ants, and while you watch, one of the little black workmen will often come out of a hole in the bark, drop its load of dust, and hurry back inside for more. The poor trees suffer sorely, but, fortunately, there are not only hungry insects, but also hungry birds; and the birds, knowing full well that the trees are their best banquet halls, flock to them eagerly.

The woodpeckers spend most of their time chiseling through the bark for insects, so well hidden in the wood that only such sharp bills and barbed tongues as theirs can reach them. In winter they join the cheery chickadees, searching here and there over the crannies of the bark for insects' eggs. The champion of their band has such a good appetite that it thinks nothing of eating five thousand eggs a day.

Besides the special bark and wood birds that meet over the trunks and branches, protecting the body of the tree, there are other birds that guard its head and feet.

Every country boy knows how mice girdle the apple trees, gnawing their bark just above the snow in winter. They do so much harm we would often have to go with-

out apples if it were not for the hawks and owls; but these birds are great mousers, and between them work night and day to save the orchards.

The treetop protectors are more numerous than any of the other tree birds, and when the leaves come out in spring they fall to work with a will.

When an army of insects descends upon an orchard or grove, baring the trees of leaves, nearly all the birds in the whole neighborhood come to the rescue. And so the birds work all through the year, — the tree-trunk birds and owls in winter, and the treetop birds in summer, — all working to protect the trees, which the insects are only trying to destroy.

— Florence A. Merriam.

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CLARA BARTON.

Everybody has heard the name of Clara Barton. She was born in a little Massachusetts town, in 1830, and her life has been one of ceaseless toil. As a housekeeper, as a bookkeeper and clerk, and as a schoolteacher, she first found work, but she soon left them for the greater field, to care for the sorrowing and wounded.

Her loving kindness and tender feeling for the wounded and dying on the battlefield, for the homeless and dis-

tressed in times of floods and fires, and for the suffering and persecuted in all lands, at home or abroad, mark her as the grand woman of the age.

When the great war broke out between the North and the South, she went to Washington. She followed the armies to the battlefield. She took unto herself the care of the sick, visiting them daily. She furnished them with reading matter and wrote letters to their friends at home. She comforted them by giving them such food as they desired.

Clara Barton.

Soon her work became known, and her fame spread. What she did, was done without rank or pay, and she was subject to the orders of no one. She formed a bureau, the object of which was to get the names of the missing on the fields of battle, so that she could write to their friends. She was thus able to give comfort to thousands of families, as she traced the fate of more than thirty thousand men.

In this grand work she used her whole fortune of $10,000, but Congress quickly voted her $15,000 to

reimburse her. The country was only too glad to aid her in this noble work of rendering assistance to the soldiers.

After the war was over, she went abroad for her health. But when the war began between Germany and France, she joined the Red Cross Society. She helped form the great German hospital service. When one of the French cities was taken during this war, there were twenty thousand people in it who were left homeless and hungry. Miss Barton furnished at her own expense cloth for thirty thousand garments to be made by women, who were thus able to earn their food.

Three years after this war ended Clara Barton came back to America and at once began efforts to get our country to form a Red Cross Society. She succeeded in 1881, and was chosen its first president.

Among the noble things which the Red Cross has done, was the aid it rendered to the suffering in the frightful forest fires in the Northwest, to the homeless in the great floods of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, and to the people of the Sea Islands and Galveston after the great hurricanes.

We cannot forget the service she rendered the sick, the wounded, and the dying on the Cuban battlefields. Her long life has been spent for humanity. She has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and comforted the sorrowing. Our country dearly loves her.

THE RIVER.

Oh, tell me, pretty river,
Whence do thy waters flow?
And whither art thou roaming,
So pensive and so slow?

"My birthplace was the mountain,
My nurse, the April showers;
My cradle was a fountain,
O'ercurtained by wild flowers.

"One morn I ran away,
A madcap, hoyden rill,
And many a prank that day
I play'd adown the hill!

"And then, mid meadowy banks,
I flirted with the flowers
That stooped with glowing lips
To woo me to their bowers.

"But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave —
I hear the ocean's roar,
And there must be my grave."

— Samuel G. Goodrich.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEE.

Long ago there lived in the East, the greatest and wisest king in the world. It was believed that no one could ask him a question which he could not answer.

Wise men came from far and near, but they were never able to puzzle King Solomon. He knew all the trees and plants. He understood beasts, fowls, and creeping things almost as well as he did people.

The fame of his knowledge spread into all lands. In the south the great Queen of Sheba heard of the wonderful wisdom of Solomon, and said, "I shall test his power for myself."

She picked some clover blossoms from the field, and bade a great artist make, in wax, flowers and leaves exactly like them.

She was much pleased when they were finished, for she herself could see no difference between the two bunches.

She carried them to the king, and said, "Choose, O wise king, which are the real flowers."

At first Solomon was puzzled, but soon he saw a bee buzzing at the window.

"Ah," said he, "here is one come to help me in my choice. Throw open the window for my friend."

Then the Queen of Sheba bowed her head, and said, "You are indeed a wise king, but I begin to understand your wisdom. I thank you for this lesson."

— Flora J. Cook, in "Nature Myths and Stories."

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover;
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over;
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon, in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah bright! but your light is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper
Where two twin turtledoves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear, green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it,
I will not steal them away;
I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.

—Jean Ingelow.

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THE APPLE BRANCH.

In the lovely month of May a branch covered with beautiful pink flowers drooped from an apple tree. A fine open carriage was driving past, and in it sat a fair princess. When she saw the apple tree, she said: "What lovely blossoms! I must have some of them."

So the coachman stopped the horses, and the footman cut off the drooping spray of flowers and gave it to the princess. She took it in her hand and sheltered it with her parasol; then they drove to the castle, the home of the princess.

Here she carried the apple branch to her room. Rich lace curtains hung at the open windows, and costly flowers stood in silver vases. In one of these vases which stood in a window, the princess placed the apple branch, with some fresh, light twigs of birch. It was a very pretty sight, and every one who came into the room said, "Oh, how beautiful!" So the branch became proud.

It looked out of the window over gardens and fields in which grew many flowers. Some of these were homely. The apple branch said: "There is a great difference between these plain flowers and myself. How unhappy they must be. They are found almost everywhere, in fields and along streets, and people do not care for them."

And as it said this, a bright sunbeam kissed the yellow dandelion out in the field, and then the apple branch in the window, and said, "Is there such a difference between flowers? Are you not all sisters, the plain-looking and the beautiful? It isn't kind of you to talk about a difference. What is the plant that you think so ugly?"

"The dandelion," answered the apple branch. "You know that you never see it in the silver vases. Why, the princess passed many of them this morning, without even taking a look at them, and people very often trample them under their feet, there are so many of them. When they go to seed they have flowers like wool, which fly away in the wind and stick to people's dresses. They are only weeds. How glad I am that I am not an old weed."

When the wind whispered to the dandelions what the apple branch had said, they pulled their green caps over their heads and wondered, if they were only ugly weeds. Then one of the little dandelions, peeping out at its dear old, white-haired grandmother, said, "Surely no one could be more beautiful than she."

While the dandelions were feeling so sad, a party of children came across the fields. One of them was so small that the other children had to carry him. When they had set him on the grass among the yellow flowers, he laughed aloud, he was so happy. Then he kicked

out his little legs, rolled about, and picked the dandelions which grew about him, and kissed them, and they smiled back, happy because he loved them.

The older children picked off the flowers with long stems. They made chains from these for their necks.

They looked splendid in their garlands of green stems and golden flowers.

"Do you not see," said the sunbeam, "how much happiness dandelions give?"

"Yes, to children," said the apple branch.

By and by an old woman came hobbling into the field, leaning on a cane. She wanted part of them for greens for herself, and the others she wanted to sell.

"What a help these dandelions are to this old woman," said the sunbeam.

"People do not eat and make playthings of beautiful flowers," said the apple branch.

"But God loves the dandelions just as much as he does the more beautiful flowers, and cares for them just as tenderly," said the sunbeam.

Then some people came into the room, and among them was the young princess. She had in her hand something that seemed like a flower. It was covered very carefully by two or three great leaves so that no gust of wind could harm it.

As soon as the windows were closed, the large leaves were taken off very gently, and there before the apple blossom stood the white-plumed dandelion. The princess held it up and said: "Could anything be more beautiful? See how very light and airy! How grand God has made this little flower! I will paint it with the apple branch. Every one thinks the apple blossoms beautiful, but this humble flower has another kind of beauty; and although they are different, each is beautiful."

Then the sunbeam kissed them both, and upon the flowers of the apple branch came a rosy blush.

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THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;

Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.
We plant on the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when the gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky;
While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when above the apple tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth;
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And they who roam beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long hours passed in summer play
In the shade of the apple tree.

But time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh! when its aged branches throw
Their shadows on the world below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the task of mercy be

Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them,
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times:
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

— Bryant.

SHEARING THE SHEEP.

The captain of the shearing band had come. He was only a score of years old, but he knew just how to manage the men. He did it splendidly. He quickly set the men to work, and they went at the shearing with a will. There was not such a band in all the land, and they did not turn out the sheep all bleeding. You could see scarcely a scratch on their sides. It is a poor shearer, indeed, that draws blood. The captain said, "I have sheared many thousand sheep and never had a red stain on the shears."

At the sheep-shearing pens and sheds all was like a surging, moving sea. Everything was stir and bustle. The sheds were put up just for holding the sheep while the shearing went on. They were all pillars and posts, covered with a roof to keep out the rains. In the sheds

on three sides were the sheep pens, filled with sheep and lambs.

Not far away had been put up the booths in which the shearers' food was to be cooked. Here it was that they took their meals also. These booths were odd looking, but like the sheds, they were just for the shearing time. Their roofs were of willow boughs cut fresh from the wooded thicket.

Near these booths the shearers had pitched their camps and made a hut or two out of green boughs; but at night they slept rolled up in their blankets on the ground.

A brisk wind from the southwest sent the red, white, and blue wings of the windmill round and round, pumping out into the tank below a stream of water. The stream was so strong and swift that when the men crowded around the tank they were spattered with the water, and had much sport in pushing one another into the spray.

Close to the sheds stood a high frame made of four posts. This had been put up on which to hang the sacking bags from the four corners. Fleece after fleece of wool was packed into these large sacks. One man does the packing, and another pays each shearer eight cents, the price of a fleece for shearing when it is delivered.

The thirty shearers set to work, and running to the nearest pen each dragged his sheep into the shed. Sheep shearing was now on in earnest, and amid the clicking of the shears, the bleating of the sheep, and the flying of fleeces through the air to the roof, it seemed like foaming billows of the sea. The work went on from sunrise till sunset, till the whole eight thousand sheep were sheared.

This was a grand sight, and one wonders how quickly a sheep can be shorn of its fleece. The men who do this work can shear from one to two hundred sheep a

day, and they move in crews from ranch to ranch, and do shearing all the summer long.

THE FLAX.

The flax stood in blossom with its pretty blue flowers. The sun shone on it and the rain moistened it, and this was just as good for it as it is for children to be washed and then get a kiss from their mother. They become more beautiful, and so did the flax.

"All say that I stand proudly," said the flax, "and that I am fine and long and shall make good linen. How happy I am! How well I am off! And I may come to something! How the sunshine gladdens, and the rain refreshes me! I am the happiest of beings."

One day the men came and took the flax by the head and pulled it up by the root. That hurt it. It was then laid in water as if they were going to drown it. All this was quite fearful.

"One cannot always have good times," said the flax. "One must learn the ups and downs of this world by one's senses, and this is the way one gets to know something."

But bad times certainly came. The flax was pulled up, moistened, broken, and hackled. It was put on the spinning wheel, and amid the buzzing and the whirring of the wheel it came out spools of thread.

"I have been very happy," it thought in all its pain. "One must be content with the good one has enjoyed. Contented! contented! Oh!" And it continued to say that when it was put into the loom, and till it became a large, beautiful piece of linen. All the flax, till the last stalk, was used in making one piece.

"Now," said the flax, "I have been pulled up by the root, and I have been moistened and hackled and have had some pain, but after all I have been made into something. How strong and fine I am and how white. That's something different from being a mere plant. Even if one bears flowers, one is not attended to, and only gets watered when it rains. Now I am attended to and cherished. The maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath from the watering pot every evening."

Now the linen was put under the scissors. How they cut and tore it and then pricked it with needles! And thus from the flax came the table cloth and napkins.

"Just look!" said the flax. "Now something in fact has been made of me. This is a real blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, and this is right."

Years rolled on, and the napkins and tablecloth would hold together no longer. "It must be all over some day," said the napkins. "We would gladly have held out a little longer, but we must not expect to live always."

They were now torn into fragments. They thought it was all over, for they were hacked to shreds and softened and boiled. They themselves did not know all that was done to them. But at last they became beautiful sheets of white paper.

The paper was made into books for all to read.

"This is more than I ever thought when I was a little blue flower in the fields," said the paper. "How could I fancy that I should ever spread joy and learning among men. Indeed, I am the happiest of beings."

—Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

A million little diamonds
  Twinkled on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
  "A jewel if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
  To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
  And stole them all away.

THE FLAX FLOWER.

Oh, the little flax flower!
It groweth on the hill,
And, be the breeze awake or 'sleep,
It never standeth still.
It groweth, and groweth fast;
One day it is a seed,
And then a little grassy blade
Scarce better than a weed.
But then out comes the flax flower
As blue as the sky;
And "'Tis a dainty little thing,"
We say as we go by.

Ah! 'tis a goodly little thing;
It groweth for the poor,
And many a peasant blesseth it
Beside his cottage door.
He thinketh how those slender stems
That shimmer in the sun
Are rich for him in web or woof
And shortly shall be spun.
He thinketh how those tender flowers
Of seed will yield him store,

And sees in thought his next year's crop
Blue shining round his door.

Oh, the little flax flower!
The mother then says she,
"Go, pull the thyme, the heath, the fern,
But let the flax flower be!
It groweth for the children's sake,
It groweth for our own;
There are flowers enough upon the hill,
But leave the flax alone.
The farmer hath his fields of wheat,
Much cometh to his share;
We have this little plot of flax,
That we have tilled with care."

Oh, the goodly flax flower!
It groweth on the hill,
And, be the breeze awake or 'sleep,
It never standeth still;
It seemeth all astir with life,
As if it loved to thrive,
As if it had a merry heart
Within its stem alive.
Then fair befall the flax field,
And may the kindly shower
Give strength unto its shining stem,
Give seed unto its flower.

— Mary Howitt.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Part I.

I am Robinson Crusoe. I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York. I am the third son of the family, and was not bred to any trade, and therefore when only a boy my head began to be filled with rambling thoughts. As far as home training and a country free school go, my father gave me a fair share of schooling. He wanted me to take up law. My mind, however, was bent on going to sea. I wanted to see the wide ocean. My father, my mother, and friends could not prevent me from going. Their advice I did not heed, and when a young lad I went on board a ship bound for London.

No sooner had the ship moved out to sea than the wind began to blow and the billows to rise. I became sick in body and sad in mind. Ill luck had already overtaken me, and I began to think of what my father and mother had told me, and how little attention I had paid to their advice.

All this while the storm still kept on and the sea went higher. I thought every wave would swallow us up. In this sad state of mind I made many vows. I vowed that if it would please God to spare my life in this one voyage, if ever I stepped my foot on dry land again, I would go to the home of my father.

But the next day the wind abated and the sea be-

came calmer. However, I was still very grave and somewhat seasick. Toward night the sun came out. The next morning it rose clear and bright. Having little or no wind and a smooth sea, the sight was as pretty as I ever saw.

All my sad thoughts now vanished and I returned to my former self. The sailors on the ship helped much to bring this about.

But before we reached the port for which we set sail, another storm overtook us. It was worse than the first. The sea ran mountains high, and the seamen themselves became frightened. I never saw such a sight before. When I could look about, I could see nothing but distress around us. Two ships that rode near us had lost their masts, and another ship about a mile off we could see had foundered.

Toward evening the storm raged with such force that we cut away both the foremast and mainmast of our ship so that we could have a clear deck. But the worst was not come yet. In the middle of the night our ship sprung a leak, and all hands were called to the pumps. We worked with might, but the hole began to fill. As a signal of distress, we fired a gun. Other guns were fired, and after a time another ship hearing us came in sight. She ventured a boat out to help us. We managed to get on board, but it was useless to think of reaching the ship. So all agreed to let the boat drive,

and only to pull her in toward shore as much as we could. Therefore partly by drifting and partly by rowing, we after a long time reached the shore, glad that we had not been swallowed up in the sea.

Ăf′rĭ ca pī′rate Brā zĭl′

PART II.

I now went on foot by land to London, but I ought to have gone home to my father. However, I was ashamed to go. I then did not know and see the right side of things, and was not ashamed to sin, but was ashamed to repent. What a sad thing for me it was that I took this view of matters.

So I took voyage again, going on board a vessel bound for Africa. It did not cost me anything for passage, as the master of the ship took a fancy to me. I had a mind to see the world, and he told me if I would go a voyage with him I should be at no expense. He wanted me to be his messmate, and if I could carry anything with me I should have all the advantage of it that the trade would admit. I was glad to accept the offer and went along. I made out pretty well except for the fact that I was sick much of the time.

Soon after our arrival in Africa the captain died, but I embarked on the same ship on which I had taken voyage. His mate had been put in command. After

we had been out a few days, a Turkish rover or pirate ship gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. We then crowded as much canvas as our yards would spread, or our masts carry, to get clear. But the pirate ship gained upon us and we prepared to fight. They won the day, and we were taken prisoners and landed in a Moorish port. The captain took me as his proper prize and made me his slave. The rest of our men were taken before the king.

As my new master had taken me home to his house, I had some faint hope that we would go to sea again, and that it would be his fate to be taken by a Spanish man-of-war. I felt then that I should be set at liberty. But this hope of mine was soon taken away, for when he went to sea he left me on shore to look after his garden.

After about two years another ray of hope seemed to present itself. My master was at home a long time, and his ship was lying in port. Every few days he went off shore fishing and took me along. We had good luck in making some fine catches, and after a time he sent me out with a Moor and a small lad.

So at last my time had come to get away. Before leaving port with the Moor I saw well that I had on board all that I needed, or at least all I could get. Being ready, we went out a mile from port and sat down to fish. The wind blew not as I wanted it; but

blow which way it would, I intended to be gone, and leave the rest to fate.

After we had fished some time and caught nothing — for when I had fish on my hook I would not pull them up — we let out our sails again and moved out to sea. Getting away out I knew what to do, and I took the poor Moor by surprise and tossed him clear overboard into the sea. He begged with all his might to be taken back in, and said he would go all over the world with me. But I wanted my liberty, and I could ill afford to take a chance, so I would not take him aboard. However, I have no doubt but that he made shore, as he could float like a cork.

When the Moor was gone I made the boy promise that he would be faithful to me until the end. This he did, and while the Moor was still in view swimming we stood out to sea with the boat stretching to windward. As soon as dusk grew on I steered south and by east, and coasted and sailed around for five days before I ventured to make land. I now was many miles from the Moorish port, but I knew not where I was, and I did not care much so long as I had gotten away from the Moors.

To our dismay we found people living on the shore, and during the night we heard all sorts of noises, like huge wild animals prowling about looking for prey, and these things frightened us very much. We were afraid

to go on shore, but as we wanted some water we made a landing. We then slaked our thirst, after which we set sail, going out to sea again. We sailed for many days, but at last we were picked up by a ship bound for the Brazils.

How glad I was, and how filled with joy that I was at last safe. Reaching the Brazils I settled down for a time, and luck seemed to be with me. I managed to get together a little property, but nothing seemed to give me contentment. So I was foolish enough to leave my plantation, and went off with some merchants to the African coasts.

sōul buried

PART III.

All the mishaps and ill luck I had on my former trips at sea did not deter me from making voyage again. A party of us fitted out a ship, putting on board a cargo of goods such as beads, bits of glass, shells, knives, hatchets, and the like. These we could trade with the blacks on the African coast.

My partners paid for the stock, but I was to manage the trading part on the coast. For that I was to share alike with them in the profits of the sales. Fool that I was to my own interests I gladly went along with them. We set sail the same day, which was just eight years since I left my home on my first voyage.

We had not been out to sea many days when a fearful storm came upon us. It was worse than anything I had seen before. For twelve days it raged with might and main. The sailors feared shipwreck, and that all lives would be lost. High waves broke over the deck and we expected to be swallowed up in the sea.

In this distress at last we came in sight of land. We had no sooner run out of the cabin, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, than the ship struck upon the sand. We could not hope to get her off. We had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives. During the storm our lifeboat at the stern had broken away and was lost, so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea we knew hardly how. However, we all laid hold and slung her over the ship's side, and getting aboard committed ourselves to God's mercy and the wild sea.

And now our case was the next thing to hopeless, for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live. We had not gone far when the boat capsized and all of us sank into the water.

I could swim well, but the waves made it hard for me to help myself. In my efforts to reach the shore, as good luck would have it, I was carried along by the waves. Sometimes the water buried me many feet deep, but all the time I could feel myself carried with swift-

ness toward the shore. At last I came near enough to the beach and could feel the ground with my feet. Then I took to my heels and ran, hoping to gain the shore. Wave after wave overtook me, but in the end I managed to swim to the cliffs and climbed up them. I then thanked God that I was safe. Not a soul was saved but myself.

I now looked around to see what kind of a place I was in, and what next was to be done. I was wet and without anything to eat or drink. I was afraid there might be wild beasts near me, and I had no gun with which to kill them. I had lost my hat and shoes. For a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming on, I thought what would be my lot were there any beasts in the country. My only hope seemed to be to get up into a thick, bushy tree, like a fir, which grew near me. I could sit there all night and be out of danger.

bĭs′cuĭt de fĕnse′

Part IV.

I walked about a furlong from the shore to see if I could find any good water to drink, which I did to my great joy. Having quenched my thirst I sought the tree which I had picked out for my lodging. I looked about for a short stick that I might use for defense. I now went to the tree, and getting up into it I so placed

myself that if I should sleep I might not fall. Being very tired I soon fell fast asleep.

When I awoke in the morning it was broad day with a clear sky. The storm had abated, and the sea did not rage and swell as before. I could see the stranded

ship far off from shore. It was about a mile from where I was, and it seemed to stand upright. I wished myself on board that I might get some things for my use.

Coming down from my apartments in the tree I looked about again. A little after noon I found the sea very calm and the tide ebb so far out that I took to the water, thinking that I could reach the ship. I waded part of the way and then swam to where the ship was. Getting there, I swam twice around it before I found a way to get aboard. I saw a rope hanging down from the chains. I could just get hold of it, and with its aid I managed to get on the ship.

My first work was to search to see what would be of use to me. I found that the eatables were dry, and I filled my pockets with biscuit. I found much on the ship that I wanted to take to shore. What I needed now was a boat to take the goods, and I could furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be of great help to me. I took some boards and large spars of wood from the ship and made a sort of a raft. My next care was to load it. I took bread, rice, some cheese, and some goat's flesh; and I also put on corn and some tools to work with on shore.

I found a carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me. Without looking into it I put it on my raft. I then looked about for some powder and

arms. I found two guns in the cabin, some powder, and a small bag of shot. I knew that there were three cases of powder in the ship, but knew not where the gunner had stowed them. After looking around I found them, two of them dry and good and the third spoiled with the water. The good ones I placed on board the raft.

I now thought I had a good load, and began to think how I should get to the land as I had neither sail nor oar. The least capful of wind would have overset the raft and all on it, but after all I put to sea with my cargo. I paddled the raft as best I could and at last I made shore.

fôr'tĭ fȳ īs'land

PART V.

My next work was to take a look at the country and seek a place where I could stow my goods. Where I was I yet knew not. There was a hill not a mile from me which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it northward. I took one of my guns and some powder and shot, and thus armed I went to the top of the hill. Reaching there I saw that I was on an island surrounded by the sea. There was no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off and two small islands far to the west.

I found also that the island that I was in was barren, and from what I could see uninhabited except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none. Yet there were many fowls, but I knew not their kinds. When I killed them I could not tell what was fit for food and what not.

Returning to my raft, I fell to work to unload it, which took the rest of that day. What to do that night I knew not. I was afraid to sleep on the ground, and I could not find the place where I had lodged the night before.

However, as well as I could, I made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging out of the chests and boxes I had brought on shore.

I now began to think that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me. I could use the rigging and sails if I could get them on land. I knew that the first storm that blew would destroy the stranded ship. So I set all other things apart till I could get everything out of the ship that I could. I waited until the tide was down, then I swam out as before.

Reaching the ship again, I made another raft and loaded it. I found two or three bags of nails and spikes, a lot of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I took, besides seven muskets, a bagful of shot, a hammock, and some

bedding. After bringing them all safe on shore, I went to work to make a tent with the sail and some poles which I cut. Into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun. I piled all the empty chests and casks in a circle round the tent to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within and an empty chest set up on end without. Now I fitted up a bed, and I was glad to lie down and sleep, for I was very weary. From the care I had taken, and having a gun by my side, I felt free from all harm.

I now had a large stock of goods which I had managed to get from the ship, but I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could, so every day at low tide I went on board and brought away something or other.

Part VI.

I had now been thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be thought of bringing. The last trip I made when I started back a high storm came up. The winds blew a gale and the sea was very rough. In the morning no ship was to be seen. It had been swallowed up in the

sea. I felt very sorry, but I had taken almost everything of use which it contained.

I now gave up all thoughts of the ship, or the hope of getting any more goods from her.

I determined to make me a cave as well as a tent, so that no harm would come to me from beast or man. I soon found that the place I was in was not fit for my settlement, because it was upon a low, marshy ground, near the sea. I also did not like the place on account of there being no fresh water near it. So I looked about, and I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. Here I pitched my tent, and having done this I laid out a plot of ground adjoining. Now I set to work to make a high fence round and about the plot and tent, so that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and hard work.

I could get in and out of the place, not by a door, but by a ladder to go over the top. The ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me. My next task was to get all my large stock of goods and things which I had taken from the ship, or such of them as would spoil in the rain, and put them into the tent. Then I set to work to dig a cave in the soft rock just back of my tent, and before long I had room for everything.

Being all alone on the island, which I called the Island of Despair, I contented myself as best I could. However, I had a dog and two cats. The dog jumped out of the ship and swam on shore to me the day after I landed with my first cargo.

I went gunning for game, of which there was much. There were goats on the island, too, and I killed some of them for meat.

After I had been on the island about ten days, it came to me that I would lose all time unless I took the pains to mark down each day as it came and went. So I set up a large post, and on the sides of it I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch I made longer than the rest. And the first day of every month I made a still longer mark than I made for the Sundays. Thus I kept track of the days, weeks, months, and years.

Notwithstanding all the things which I took from the ship, there were many others which I needed. I wanted tools to make utensils for cooking and the like, and if I had had them I could have made everything I wanted. But, after all, with much hard work I made many things. I looked about for clay and with it I made large jars, and set them in the sun to dry. When I wanted a board, as I had no saw, I could get but one from a tree.

My work in making clay jars was anything but good. They did not dry in the sun hard enough to stand up well, so I could use them. Some fell in and some fell out, but one day I found a broken piece of one of my jars in the fire. It was as hard as a stone and red as a tile. This taught me at once that if they would burn broken, they would burn whole. So I made more jars out of clay and put them in a pile, and built a fire around them. I now watched them until they were red-hot, when I withdrew one or two of them and they cooled off. I found one of them to be just what I had sought.

One of the things I most needed was a table, and I hardly knew how to go about it to make one, for I never had handled a tool in my life. However, I managed to put together a sort of one out of some boards that I had brought on the raft from the ship.

After a time my stock of goods on hand, both in the way of something to wear and something to eat, became low, but the great God over all seems to have been with me. About the time my stock ran out, I saw a few stalks of something green shooting out of the ground. Upon looking at it closely I was glad to find that it was barley. This touched my heart a little and brought tears out of my eyes, and I began to bless myself that such a kind act of nature should happen on my account.

This was the more strange to me, because I saw near the barley some straggling stalks of rice, and which I knew, because I had seen it grow in Africa, when I was ashore there.

Having found these food plants I was led to believe that there were more in the place, so I went all over the island where I had been before, peering in every corner and under every rock, but I could not find any. Just then a thought occurred to me, that there might be a few grains of corn where I had once shaken out a bag. I betook myself to the place and to my great happiness found that the corn had taken root and grown, and that there were a few ears of ripe corn lying on the rock where it had fallen. I gathered these all up and took them to my tent.

I took great care of the barley, rice, and corn, and I could not allow myself the least to eat, for I wanted all as seed to plant. By planting this little stock of grains each year, after a while I had all that I needed for use and for seed.

The baking part was the next thing I had to plan, but it was not long before I found a way, and was then able to do such baking as my wants seemed to demand.

All these things took me the most part of my first three years' abode on the island; and in all I was twenty-eight years in this place of despair before I managed to make my escape.

My lot in life during this time was very sad and lonely, and I was glad to get away. The whole story of my life on the little island fills a large book called "Robinson Crusoe," which you boys and girls will be much interested in reading when you have grown to be men and women.

DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all, and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

— Frank Dempster Sherman.

How often I think of the time when I was a boy on the farm! I recollect going to bed when the hens went to roost, and then getting up long before the dawn of the day to take breakfast by candlelight. I recollect going to the old fields and bringing up the cows and helping milk them. I recollect feeding the chickens, ducks, and turkeys, and watching them grow.

I have not forgotten the many times I plodded my way over the country hills to the stone schoolhouse, a mile from home. I recall the old schoolmaster who was my first teacher, and how long it took me to learn my letters. I often think of the schoolmates of those boyhood days. I think of them as they were when we were boys and girls together. I think of them as they looked when we parted at the schoolhouse and started on life's journey.

Then, too, I well recollect the work of the farm. I have seen the growing crops of wheat, corn, and rye, of cabbage, turnips, and potatoes. I have beheld autumn's apples, pears, and peaches in their fullest fruitage.

When I think of all these things and a thousand more, and of those cheerful boyhood days, I am glad that I was born on a farm.

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knŏwl'edġe ho rī'zon tôr'toĭse
är-chi tĕc'tur al Chi nēs̱e'

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,

Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks:
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy.

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honeybees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade,
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,

Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent;
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wide-swung fold,
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the newmown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss thy heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in

Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—Whittier.

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stā′tion chăr′ac ter prŏg′ress
thēme ĕx trēme′

THE OLD APPLE DEALER.

I remember an old man who carries on a little trade of gingerbread and apples at the station of one of our railroads. While waiting for the incoming and outgoing trains, and watching somewhat carelessly the bustle and hurry of the crowd moving through the station, my eyes have often settled upon the little old apple dealer. Thus without much thought to myself and much less to him, as he did not see me, I have studied this old character until he has become one of the dwellers of my inner world.

How little would he think—poor, friendless fellow—that the mental eye of an utter stranger has so often taken in his figure! Many a noble form, many a handsome face, has flitted before me at this station and vanished like a shadow. It is a strange witchcraft whereby this faded and hapless old apple dealer has gained a place in my mind.

He is a small man with hair as white as the snow,

and is always clad in the same brown coat and gray pantaloons. His whole dress, however, though clean and entire, is somewhat flimsy with much wear.

His face is thin and withered and bears the impress of age. In fact, it has somewhat a frost-bitten aspect. No matter how hot the day may be or how the summer sunshine may fling its white heat upon him, the old man still looks as if he were in a frosty clime. Age has told on him, and he plainly shows it, but he may be content with his lot for all that.

He sits on a bench in the station room, and alongside of him are the time-worn baskets which contain his whole stock in trade. Across from one basket to the other extends a board, on which are displayed cakes, gingerbread, and candy, besides some russet and greening apples. There is also a half peck of nuts to meet the wants of the passer-by.

Every now and then the old man inspects the display of his wares, and sits in quiet repose waiting for some one to give him an odd penny or two for a few of the cakes or apples. Thus time comes and goes, and the days slowly pass.

I have watched the old apple dealer on the arrival of the cars, when throughout the station everything was of the intensest bustle. At the same time I have seen the train come in, drawn by the great iron horse which man has made to serve as a beast of burden. The train has

plunged over plain and mountain, through the valleys and across the rivers. It has moved from town to city and from city to town with the speed of the swiftest bird.

Passengers are now swarming from the cars and all seem filled with the life of the great train from which they have just alighted. It seems as if the whole world were detached from its steadfastness and set in rapid motion. But amid all this bustle and life the old man of gingerbread, so hopeless and forlorn, sits one chill and long day after another, gathering a few scanty coppers for his cakes, apples, and candy.

The old apple dealer and the iron horse represent two extremes; the latter the type of all who go ahead, and the old man that slow class of people who by some sad witchcraft are doomed to never share in the world's progress.

And now farewell, old friend! Little do you think that one who peeps into human life has made yourself the theme of more than one thoughtful hour.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne (adapted).

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weâr	mŏe′ȧ sin	lĕath′er
po tā′to	frē′quent lў	ȧ nǫe′

A STORY OF THE INDIANS.

When the people from the Old World first settled in this country, they found a race here whom they called

Indians. This same race still inhabit this country, but they are few in numbers as compared with the whites, and they live mostly in the far West.

The Indians then did not dress like those you may see now, but their faces and figures have not changed very much. They have a dark skin, straight, black hair, black eyes, high cheek bones, flat noses, white teeth, and wear no beards. In stature they are tall and straight.

The houses in which the Indians lived were not at all like our homes, and they were called huts or wigwams. In summer they lived near rivers or lakes where there was good fishing; but in winter, when the hunting season came on, they moved to the edge of the forest, so as to be near the wild game.

The wigwams were sometimes made of poles set in the ground in a circle. But when a large hut was wanted, the poles were planted in two long rows. The poles were bent over at the top, then fastened together and all covered with bark. Sometimes the poles were driven into the ground in such a way that they met at the top. A hole was left for smoke near the top, and the rest of

the pole frame was covered with bark on the outside and with skins on the inside.

The Indians had no furniture, not even beds, and every one sat and slept on skins or on mats made from

rushes by the squaws. These mats and skins were kept upon the ground, but each person had a place for his own.

The food of the Indians consisted of fish and game,

together with such fruits and nuts as they were able to pick and gather, besides the corn for cakes.

Potatoes and corn are both natives of this country and were first used by the Indians. For drinking purposes, water was commonly used, but they made a great many drinks with berries, leaves, and roots.

In the warm parts of the country they wore little in the way of dress, often no more than a kind of short skirt which did not reach to the knees; but they took great delight in having large strings of beads round their necks, besides birds' claws, squirrels' heads, and the like.

Where it was colder, bearskins were worn in winter, with the fur left on the pelt. In summer lighter skins were chosen, and sometimes the fur was taken off. Large garments were, in the main, made from the skins of the otter, beaver, or raccoon. The men had a sort of leather breeches which they used when hunting, and they wore moccasins for shoes.

The faces of the Indians were frequently painted in many colors, and to make the paint last long, holes were sometimes pricked into the skin by means of thorns. The painting then was much like the tattooing done now in many islands of the sea. Sometimes they tattooed in this way nearly the whole of their bodies.

Feathers, sometimes in headdresses, sometimes in garments, were used by the Indians, to show degrees of

honor won in war. Bows and arrows were used by them for hunting and likewise for weapons to defend themselves. The work of making bows and arrows must have taken a great deal of time, for the arrow shafts were whittled out of wood and the arrow heads were chipped out of flint and other stones. They used spears with which to fish, as well as hooks and lines.

The wood for their boats was obtained by burning down trees near the ground, and then burning off the branches and tops. In this way they managed to get logs the right length, and then they burned them out on one side, after which they scraped out the charred parts with shells. These made very strong boats. A lighter boat was built of a frame covered with bark. This they called a canoe.

In times of peace the Indians hunted and fished. Such a thing as a store or market was not needed. Each family had to catch all the fish or kill all the game that might be required for its wants. The boys early learned the art of fishing and hunting, and in summer they fished from the shore or from a canoe. In winter they bored holes through the ice and used a hook and line or a long spear. This spear, at the pointed end, was shaped like a fish.

Many stories are told how these hunters and fishermen by tricks took their game. Sometimes they would drive a whole herd of deer out upon a narrow neck of

land running far into the water, and then cut off all escape by building a row of fires across the neck. In this way they kept the herd together until they killed all the deer they wanted.

The war dance was a great thing among Indians, and they thought the only way to get honor was by following the war path. Therefore many hours were spent in learning war dances and in being able to hit a small mark a great way off with the bow and arrow. By the time an Indian lad reached sixteen and was able to do these things well, he was old enough to go to war and to help fight the battles which so often took place among the tribes.

You must not think, however, that hunting and fishing and going to war were all the things which Indians did. They had many sports and games for little folks, and also many for those who were grown-up. They played ball on the grass, a game like hockey with sticks on the ice, and lacrosse, which is a game still played in Canada and the United States.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
  Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
  Kind deeds are the fruits.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Part I.

Whoever has made a trip up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They can be seen away to the west of the river, rising high above the surrounding country. Every change of season and every change of weather causes a like change in the hues and shapes of the mountains. They are, therefore, regarded by all as good weather vanes. At the foot of these fairy mountains nestles the little Dutch village which was founded there when this country was first settled. The houses were made of small yellow bricks brought across the sea from the city of Amsterdam.

In this little village, and in one of these little houses, lived, many years ago, a man of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a kind neighbor of simple habits, and everybody liked him.

The children, too, so enjoyed his company that they wanted to be with him whenever they could, and he with them. He took part in their sports, and made their playthings; taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and took delight in telling them long stories of witches and Indians.

Rip was always ready to attend to anybody's business but his own, and as to keeping his farm in order, he could not find time. He did not like to work for himself,

but he would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was the foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or clearing new ground.

He thought it was of no use to work on his farm, for everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. The fences were all the time falling down; the cows would ever go astray, or get amongst the cabbage; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his field than anywhere else; and so, lot by lot, his farm, or the part which he planted, dwindled down to a mere patch.

One thing that Rip enjoyed, however, was fishing; and he would sit on a wet rock with a long rod and line, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not get a single nibble.

He also enjoyed gunning, and would carry an old gun on his shoulder for hours, trudging through the woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or other wild game.

His children were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody, and Rip took no thought or care of them. He was one of those happy mortals, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be had with the least thought or work. If left to himself he would have whistled life away in perfect bliss; but his wife kept dinning in his ears from morning till night about his not working and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years rolled on. He spent much of his time with a club of old men, which held its meetings on a bench in front of the village inn. Here they used to sit under the shade of a big tree during the long summer days, telling endless stories about nothing.

Nicholas Vedder, the oldest man in the village and landlord of the inn, was the leader of the club. He kept his seat near the door of the inn all day long, and only changed his place to keep out of the sun. He could always be seen smoking his pipe, and when anything was said which he did not like, the more he would smoke.

At last, one fine day in autumn, Rip's wife forced him to retire from the club, thinking that he ought to spend more of his time at home so as to help the family get along. Then Rip with his dog and gun wandered out to the woods. He was very fond of squirrel shooting, and the silence of the mountains was broken time and again by the loud reports of his gun. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the highest parts of the Catskills, and, being tired out, he threw himself down to rest. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of the rich woodland. For some time he lay musing

on the grand view, but night was fast coming on. The mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the earth below, and he saw it would be dark long before he reached the village.

As he was about to take his departure from the mountains, he heard something like a voice calling his name again and again. He looked round, but could see nothing except a crow winging its flight over the woods. Thinking that the sound might have been a mere fancy, he started homeward. He had not taken more than a step or two before he heard the same cry ring out in the silence of the air. This time his old dog bristled up his back and gave a low growl. Rip now felt somewhat frightened, and looking down the mountain toward the glen, he saw the figure of a man moving slowly up the rocks and toiling with a burden on his back. He was much surprised to see a human being in that lonely place, and thinking it might be one of his neighbors in need of help, he went down to give it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the strange looks of the man. He was a short, odd-looking old fellow, with thick long hair, and a frosty beard. His dress was of the old Dutch fashion. He wore a number of pairs of breeches, the outer one being very large and loose, with rows of buttons down the sides. On his shoulders he bore a small cask that

seemed full of something good to drink. He made signs for Rip to come and help him with the load. This Rip was glad to do, and they together clambered up a narrow gully which was now the dry bed of the mountain torrent. As they went up the gully Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals of thunder, which appeared to come from the sides of the hill beyond and toward which their path led. He took these sounds to be nothing more than those of a passing shower.

During the time Rip and his companion were walking up the mountain, they spoke not a word. The former, however, wondered what could be the object of taking a cask up this wild mountain. But he said nothing, for he seemed to be inspired with awe that bade silence. Passing through the gully, they came to a place which was much like a big hall, surrounded by steep cliffs. Over the brinks of these the trees shot their branches so that one only caught a glimpse of the sky above.

On entering this hall, which nature had so well formed, new objects of wonder presented themselves. In the center was a company of odd-looking people playing ninepins. They were dressed in an outlandish fashion, and their faces were as odd as their forms of dress.

What seemed most odd to Rip was that, though these people were amusing themselves, they maintained the gravest faces and kept a deep silence. Nothing broke

the stillness of the hour but the noise of the balls. These, whenever they were rolled, sounded like the rumbling peals of thunder.

As the two came upon the party, all stopped playing ninepins and asked for the contents of the cask, which was found to be strong drink. They drank of it freely, and then returned to the game. Rip drank some, too, and, being thirsty, filled his mug a number of times. At last he fell into a deep sleep.

Part III.

When Rip awoke he found himself at the place where he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes; it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping among the bushes, and an eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled what had happened before he fell asleep: the strange man with a cask on his back; the mountain gully; the wild retreat among the rocks; the party at ninepins; and, last of all, that strong drink. "Oh, that strong drink! that wicked drink!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked around for his gun, but found nothing except a rotted stock and a rusty lock. The old dog was gone, too, but Rip thought he might have

strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He disliked very much the thought of returning home without his dog or gun, but the morning was passing away, and he

felt hungry for want of his breakfast. He therefore turned his steps homeward.

Reaching the village he met a number of people, but

not one whom he knew. This surprised him, for he thought he was acquainted with every man, woman, and child in the country round. Every one he met stared at him, and a troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, now barked at him as he passed. The village itself was not the same; it was larger and contained more people. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his haunts could not be found. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows — everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him, and he began to think that both he and the world around him were bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson; there was every hill and dale as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That strong drink last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

At last he found the way to his own house, which he entered with silent awe. He found the house gone to decay, — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me."

Going through the house he found it empty, forlorn,

and perhaps abandoned. This overcame his fears, and he called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely rooms rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now started to his old resort, the village inn, hoping to find it; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the little Dutch inn, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag of the stars and stripes. Even the picture on the hotel sign had been changed from King George to George Washington.

There was a crowd of people about the door, but not one person that Rip recollected. He looked in vain for Nicholas Vedder and the village schoolmaster.

Part IV.

Rip was amazed at the turn things had taken in the affairs of the village, and to his great surprise a crowd gathered round him. This attracted the attention of the politicians. They wanted to know to which party he belonged, and how he intended to vote. Some said, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his

shoulder and a mob at his heels?" At this, Rip said he was a subject of the king, and had come to search for some of his neighbors who used to keep about the inn.

"Well, who are they?" shouted the mob. Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where is Nicholas Vedder?"

This brought silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell about him, but that is rotten and gone, too."

"Where is Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. It is sure he never came back again."

"Where is Van Bummel, the village schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, and became a great leader. He is now in Congress."

Hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, Rip became sad. He could not understand about the war, Congress, and Stony Point. In his despair he cried out, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle," exclaimed two or three.

"Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld some one who looked just like himself when he wandered away to the woods — just as lazy and just as ragged. He now did not know whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the crowd demanded "who he was and what was his name?"

At his wit's end, he exclaimed, "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else; that's me, yonder — no, that's somebody else in my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they have changed my gun, and everything is changed, and I am changed. I cannot tell what is my name, or who I am!"

At this moment a comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman, and what is your father's name?" he asked.

"Ah, poor man, my father's name was Rip Van Winkle, but it is twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and he has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell."

"Where is your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, is dead."

"I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle - it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty years?"

Part V.

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it, and some were seen to wink at one another, as if they did not think it true.

It was, however, left to the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was the oldest inhabitant in the village, and, as luck would have it, he recollected Rip at once. He assured the company that the story was true.

Rip Van Winkle resumed his old walks and habits, and soon found his old friends, but they were rather the worse for wear and tear of time. He was glad to take his place once more on the bench at the inn door,

and it was not long before he became acquainted with the young people who soon grew to love him.

However, it was some time before he could get into the track of gossip, or could be made to understand the strange events that had taken place during his long sleep, — how that there had been a Revolutionary War, that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that instead of being a subject of King George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States, were matters Rip Van Winkle at last learned. The story of his long sleep was his great thought, and there was not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart.

To this very day, when one hears of a sleepy fellow, he thinks of poor Rip Van Winkle, who did not like work and fell among bad company on the mountains when gunning for squirrels.

— Washington Irving (adapted).

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school "let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

—Selected.

Nō kō′mĭs Mĭn′ne hä′hä
pȧ pōōse′ prŏs′per oŭs

THE STORY OF HIAWATHA.

There once lived a little Indian boy whose name was Hiawatha. His mother died when he was a baby, and his grandmother took him to live with her. Her name was Nokomis, and she was very kind to the little boy.

This dear grandmother lived in a wigwam which was made of skins and bark. It was on the seashore, with the big sea in front and the great forest behind. In this forest grew the beautiful trees of pine and fir.

When Hiawatha was a little baby, or papoose, grandmother Nokomis rocked him in a linden cradle. In this she made a soft bed of mosses and rushes for her owlet, as she called him.

When he was wakeful and would not sleep, she quieted him and lulled him to rest by singing beautiful Indian songs.

The Indians had no schools, and so Nokomis taught him many things. She taught him about the stars, the

moon, and the rainbow. She showed him the comet and the northern lights, and told him many stories about the things he saw.

Hiawatha often walked into the forest where he saw the birds and beasts. He learned of every one its language. He loved the birds and beasts, and did not

harm them. He called them "Hiawatha's chickens" and "Hiawatha's brothers."

Hiawatha was very swift, and with his deerskin moccasins or shoes he could go over the ground with great speed. He was also very strong, and with a single blow, it is said, he could break the largest rocks.

At one time he visited his father who lived in the far northwest. His father was glad to welcome him to his kingdom, and because of his strength and swiftness told him that he would make him ruler over the land from which he came.

Hiawatha on his way home visited an old arrow maker, who lived with his daughter, Minnehaha. Their wigwam was by a beautiful stream. Hiawatha loved Minnehaha because she was a very pretty and gentle Indian girl.

In time Hiawatha became a great warrior, and, as chief of his people, he taught them many things. He wanted to make them happy and prosperous, so he showed them how to till the soil and to plant corn.

He now left his people and went to look for a wife. He remembered the beautiful Minnehaha, the daughter of the old arrow maker. He went to her home and asked her father for her. The old arrow maker said, "You may have her, Hiawatha, and take her with you to the land of your braves."

When he reached home with his beautiful bride, Nokomis, his old grandmother, gave a great feast. All the Indians were invited, and came dressed in furs, with their faces painted.

They all ate out of basswood bowls, and used spoons made of horn. Among the good things they had were deer and buffalo meat, corn, cakes, and rice.

After the feast was over, they had dancing and games besides singing and story-telling.

Hiawatha now tried to do the best he could for his people, and even taught them how to write. He used deerskins and birch bark instead of paper, and wrote upon them with charcoal. He wrote by means of pictures, as he could not make any letters.

Winter came on and the weather was very cold. Minnehaha was taken very sick, and day by day she rapidly grew worse. The crops had been poor, and there was no food to be had for his sick wife.

Hiawatha went hunting and fishing, but he could find neither game nor fish. At last poor Minnehaha died. Her body was buried in the snow, and a huge fire built near her grave to light her spirit on its long journey to the lands of the blessed.

Hiawatha now became very sad and lonely. He was not the same man any more, and he waited and wished to go away, too. So, when the white people came to teach the Indians, he knew that his time had come to

go, and he went down to the seashore. He then sailed off in a birch canoe to the land of the sunset.

"And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, 'Farewell, forever!'
Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'"

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

I know where the prettiest colors are;
And I'm sure, if I only knew
How to get them here, I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright;
And put them together, side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes."
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The Red, the White, and the Blue.

Then hurrah for the flag! our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

WORDS IN BOOK FOUR.

This list of more difficult words is given as a drill exercise in enunciation, pronunciation, and spelling, and as an aid to the pupil in consulting the dictionary.

The modified long vowels in unaccented syllables are indicated by the modified macron, as in sen′ȧte, ū nite′. The silent letters are printed in italics.

ȧ bāt′ĕd
ȧ bout′
ăd vīçe′
Ăf′rĭ ea
ȧft′ĕr nōōn′
against
(ȧ gĕnst′)
ạl′má năe
ạl′mōst
ȧ lōne′
ạl rĕad′ў
ạl thōugh′
ạl′wȧys
Ȧ mĕr′ĭ ean
Ăm′ster dăm
ăn′swēr
ȧ pärt′ment
ăp pēar′
ăp′pĕ tīte
ăp′ple
ăr′rȯw
är′tĭ ṣăn
ȧ slēep′
Bôs′ton
bough
brânch
Bra zĭl′
brĕak′fast
brī′dle
brȯth′ĕr
brôught
bȧ nä′nȧṣ
băn′quĕt
băp′tĭṣm
bär′leў
băr′ren
băt′tleṣ
bēast
beaū′tĭ fụl
bĕ eạuṣe′
bĕ fōre′
bĕ lĭēve′
bĕ nēath′
Bĕn′ja mĭn
bĕr′rў
bĕ twēen′
bĕ wĭl′dĕr ment
bĕ yŏnd′
bĭrth′dȧy
bĭs′euĭt
blăck′smĭth
blŏs′sȯm
blŭs′tēred
Bôs′ton
bough
brânch
Bra zĭl′
brĕak′fast
brī′dle
brȯth′ĕr
brôught
bureau (bū′rō)
buried (bĕr′rĭd)
business
(bĭz′nĕs)
ĕăb′ĭn
ĕälm
ĕȧ nā′rĭeṣ
ĕȧ nọe′
ĕăp′taĭn
ĕär′dĭ nal
ĕär′gŏ
ĕär′pĕn tēr
ĕăt′tle
ẹạugh t
çēase′lĕss
çĕl′ĕ brāte
çēr′taĭn lў
chăm′pĭ ȯn
chēer′ĭng
chēeṣe
chīld′hōōd
chĭl′drĕn
chĭm′neў
Chĭ nēṣe′
choir (kwīr)
chōōṣe
çĭr′ele
çĭt′ĭ zen
elēave
elōthes
eŏf′fĕe
eŏl′ŭm bĭne
eȯme′lў
cŏm păn′ĭȯn
(-yŭn)
eȯm′pȧ nў
Cŏn′grĕss
eôr′nēr
eŏt′tȧge
eoŭr′ȧge
ei′ght
ēi′thēr
ĕ lĕc′trĭe
ĕ lĕv′en
ĕn coŭr′ȧge
ĕn′gĭne
ĕ noūgh′ (f)
ĕs chew′ĭng
(-chụ′-)
ē′ven ĭng
ĕv′ĕr ў
ĕx cĕpt′
ĕx prĕss′lў
ĕx trēme′lў
färm′house
făsh′ion (-ŭn)
fĕath′ĕr
Fĕb′rụ ȧ rў
fĕnçe
fi′ērçe
fĭr′mȧ ment
doubt
drēam
drĕss
Dŭtch
dў′ĭng
ēa′gle
ēar′nĕst
ēarth
ēaṣ′ĭ lў
eight

flāke
flēeçe
flow′ērṣ
fō′lĭ å̆ġe
fo͞od
fo͞ot
fŏre′hĕad
fŏr′ĕst
fŏr gŏt′ten
fôr′tĭ fȳ
fōur′tēen
fourth
Frăn̲k′lĭn
frēe′dȯm
frēez′ĭng
frĭĕnd
frĭght′ened
frĭn̲ġed
frŏl′ĭc sȯme
fru̲it′å̆ġe
fŭ̊ rĭ′zȯn
fûr′nĭsh
fŭr′rŏw
Găl′ves ton
gär′land
ġĕn′ĕr al
ġĕn′tian (-shan)
ġĕn′tle man
Ġeôrġe
Ġēr′ma nў
glĭmpse
glō′rĭ oŭs
gnąw′ĭng
ĭg′nŏ rant
gōld
ĭn dēed′
Ĭn dė̆ pĕnd′ençe
Ĭn′dĭ an
gôrġe
ĭn′dŭs trў
grāçe′fu̲l
grănd′fä thēr
grănd′swąrd
hăb′ĭ tūde
hälf
hăm′mŏck
hănd′sȯme
hăp′pened
hăp′pĭ nĕss
här′nĕss
här′vĕst
hătch′ĕt
häunts
hĕalth
hēard
hēath
hĕav′ў
hērd′ĭng
Hĕs pĕr′ĭ dēṣ
Hī å wa′thȧ
hĭck′ŏ rў
hŏl′ĭ dāy
hŏn′ĕst
hŏs′pĭ tal
house
hū′man
hŭ mĭl′ĭ tў
hŭm′ble
hŭm′mĭng
hŭn′drĕdṣ
hŭn̲′grў
hu̲r räh′
hŭr′rĭ cāne
hўmn
ĭg′nŏ rant
ĭn dēed′
Ĭn dė̆ pĕnd′ençe
Ĭn′dĭ an
ĭn′dŭs trў
ĭn hăb′ĭt
ĭn′jŭred
ĭn′sĕet
ĭn spīred′
ĭn′stant lў
ĭn stĕad′
ĭn′tēr ĕst ĭng
ĭn vĕn′tion (-shŭn)
iron (ī′ŭrn)
īs′land
īsle
Ĭt′a lў
Jăck′ Frŏst′
Jăn′ŭ å rў
jäunt
jŏl′lў
joûr′neў
jŭdġe
jūiçe
Jŭ lў′
Jūne
jŭs′tĭçe
kā′tў dĭd
knew (nū)
knīght
knīveṣ
knŏwl′ĕdġe
knōweṣ
lănd′lôrd
lăn̲′guåġe
laughed (läft)
lēan′ĭng
lĕath′ēr
lēaveṣ
lĕt′tuce (-tĭs)
lĭb′ēr tў
Lĭn̲′coln
lĭt′tle
Lȯn′dȯn
lȯve
mȧ çhĭne′
măn′sion (-shŭn)
März
măs sa chū′setts
mĕad′ŏweṣ
mēan′whīle
mĭn′ĭ å tûre
mĭ′ṣēr
Mĭs sĭs sĭp′pĭ
mŏc′cȧ sĭn
mŏn′årch
môrn′ĭng
Mo͞or′ĭsh
môr′sĕl
moun′taĭn
mûr′mŭr
mū′ṣĭc
năp′kĭn
nā′tůre
nĕĭ′thēr
New Yôrk
Nĭeh′ŏ las
nīght
nīne′pĭnṣ
noiṣe
noiṣ′ў
Nō kō′mĭs
nôrth′ĕrn
nŏth′ĭng
Nŏ vĕm′bēr
ŏb′stȧ ele
ocean (ō′shan)
O͝e tō′bēr
ŏf′ten
O͝ hī′ō
ŏr′ange (-ĕnj)
ôr′chard
ou̲′ll̲ṣ
ôr′ehĕs trȧ
ôught
ō′vēr bōard
pădd′le
păn tȧ lo͞onṣ′
pȧ po͞ose′
păr′å sŏl
păr′çĕl
păr′rŏt
pär′trĭdġe
pĕaṣ′ant
pĕd′dlēr
pēo′ple
pēr′fūme
pēr hăps′
pĭe′tůre
pĭēçe
pī′rāte
plāy′thĭngṣ
plĕaṣ′ant
pleas′ůre (plĕzh-)
pō′ĕt rў
pŏl′ĭ tĭes
pŏ tā′tŏeṣ
prė̆ pâred′
prė̆ ṣĕnt′
pret′tĭ ĕst (prĭt-)
preȳ
prĭn′çĕss
prĭṣ′on
prŏm′ĭse
prŏs′pēr oŭs
pu̲d′dĭng
pŭmp′kĭn
pŭn′ĭsh
pûr′ple
quăck′ĭng
quāil
quāint
quēen
quĭck′lў
quī′ĕt lў
quills
quĭv′ēr ĭng
răe eo͞n′
rēached (t)
rĕad′ĭ lў
rĕc ŏl lĕct′
reĭn′dēer
rėmĕm′bĕr
rė̆ spĕet′ĕd
rĕv ŏ lū′tion å rў
rhȳme
rĭb′bȯn
rŏb′ĭn
ro͞om

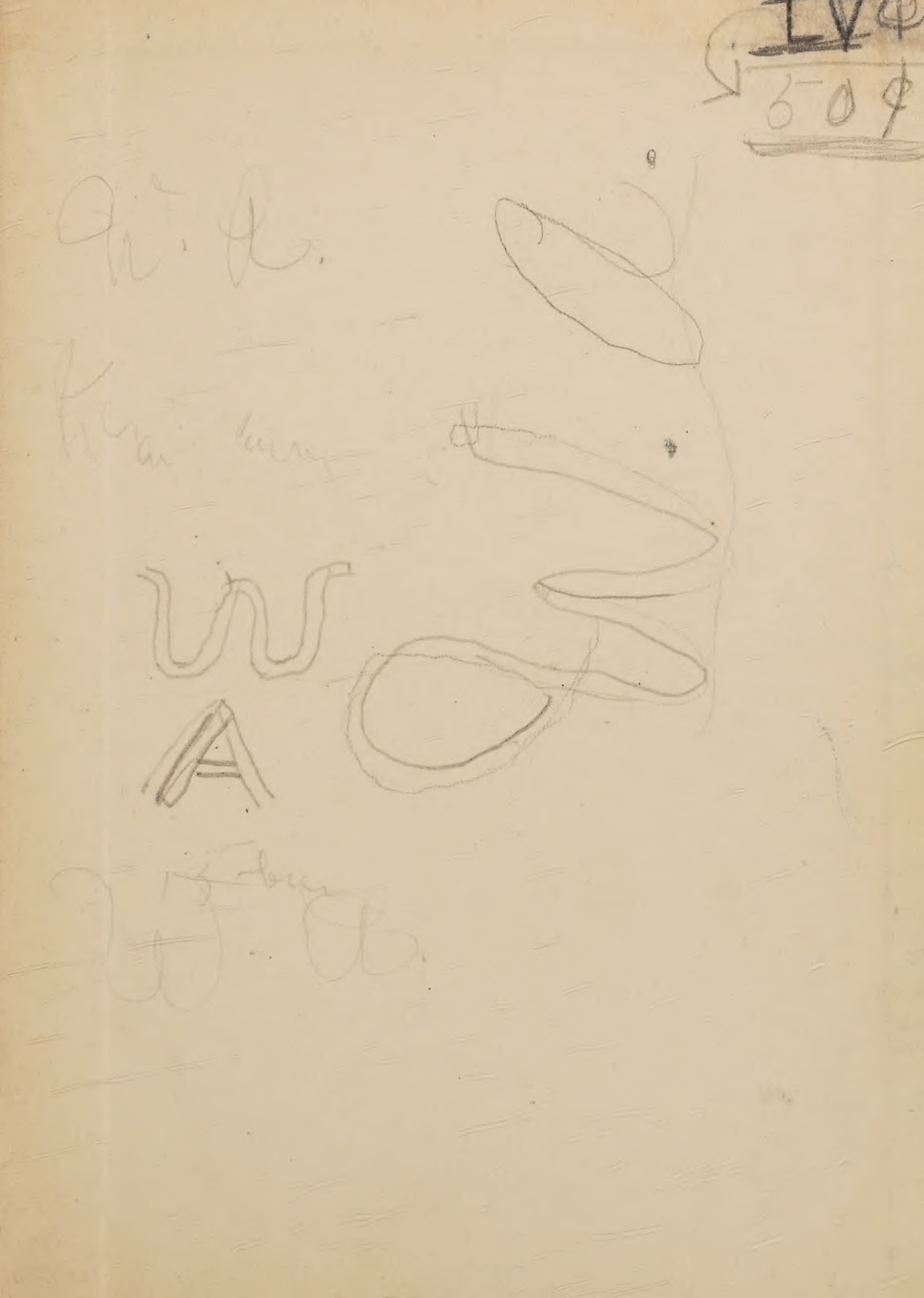
rough (rŭf)
rude
rūs'set
Săn'tá Clau̧s
săv'ăge
seârçe
seär'lĕt
scēne
scĕnt
sciṣ'sorṣ
sĕarch
sĕa'son
sĕnse
Sĕp tĕm'bĕr
sērv'içe
sĕt'tle ment
sew (sō)
shăd'ŏw
Shē'ba
shĕp'hērd
shou̧ld
shōul'dĕr

sĭx'tēen
slĕn'dĕr
sŏft'lў
soldier (sōl'jĕr)
sôught
soŭth'ĕrn
Spăn'ĭsh
spăr'rŏw
sprŭng
squaw (skwą)
squēeze
squīre
squirrel
(skwĕr'rĕl)
sta̧lk
stŏck'ĭng
stōōd
stôrm
straw'bĕr rĭeṣ
strĕngth
strŏng
stŭffed (t)

sugar (shu̧g'ĕr)
sŭn'rīṣe
sŭn'shīne
tär'nĭsh
tăt tōōed'
tēach'ĕr
tĕl'ĕ phōne
Thăn̲ks'gĭv ĭng
thĕm sĕlveṣ'
thōugh
thôught
thou'ṣand
thro̧ugh
thrŭsts
to̧ gĕth'ĕr
to̧-nīght'
tôr'toĭse
trĕach'ĕr oŭs
twĕlve
twĭn'kle
ŭn'ele
ŭn dĕr nēath'

ŭn dĕr stōōd'
ŭp'rīght
ū tĕn'sĭlṣ
văl'leў
văn'ĭsh
vĕl'vĕt
vĭl'lăge
vĭṣ'ĭt ĭng
voy'ăge
wą'nŭt
wą'rior (-yĕr)
Wą'sh'ĭng tŏn
wāste
wą'tĕr ĭng
weâr
wēa'rĭ nĕss
wĕath'ĕr
wĕl'ċome
wēre
whēat
whĕth'ĕr
whĭr'rĭng

whĭs'pĕred
whĭs'tle
whōle
whom
whoṣe
wĭg'wąm
wĭn'tĕr
wŏn'dĕr fu̧l
wŏn'droŭs
wōōd'ĕd
wōōd'pĕck ĕr
world (wûrld)
wo̧und'ĕd
wrēath
wrŏng
yēarṣ
yēast
yĕl'lŏw
yoŭng
zēal
zōne



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